

The image shows the front cover of a book. The spine is a solid, deep red color. The main cover area is decorated with a marbled pattern consisting of repeating, wavy, shell-like shapes in shades of brown and gold. A rectangular label with a gold border is centered on the cover, containing the author's name in gold capital letters.

CHARLES B. ALEXANDER.

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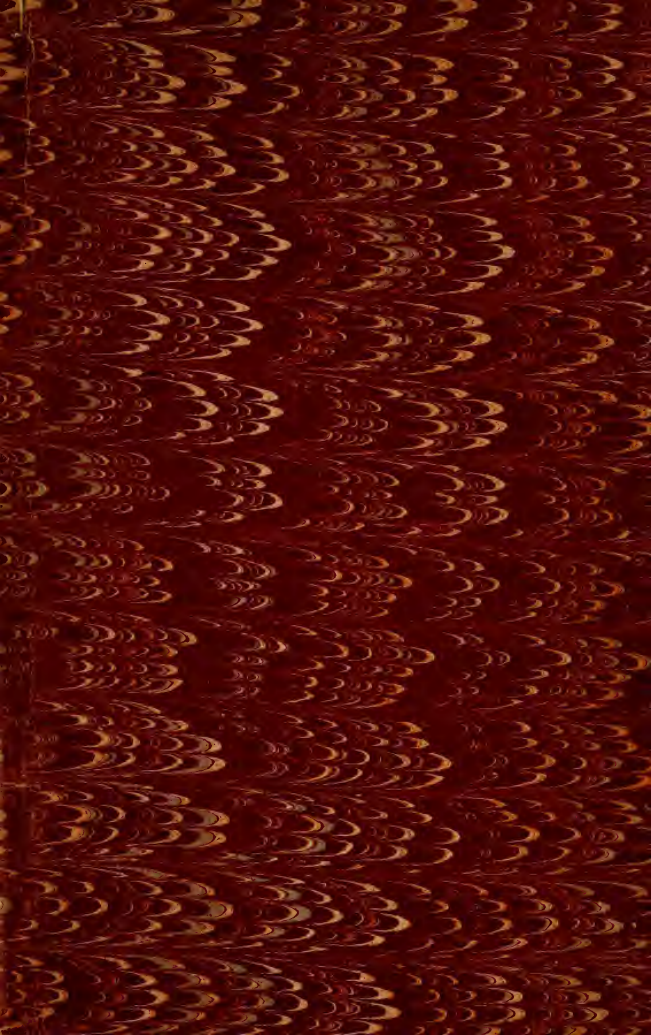


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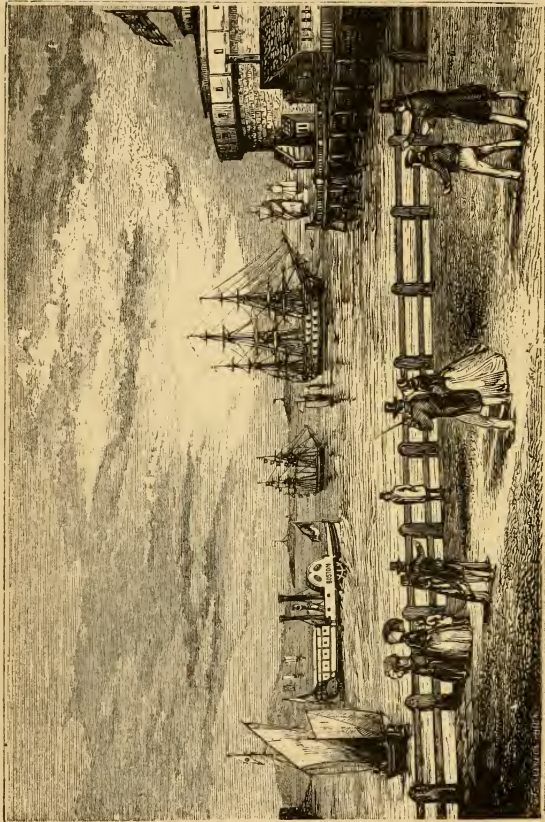








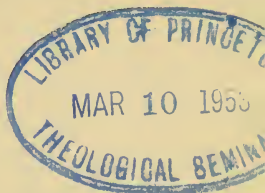




The Harbor of New York from the Battery.

798  
FRANK HARPER;

OR,



# THE COUNTRY-BOY IN TOWN

James Waddell Alexander

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WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND  
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION

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# FRANK HARPER;

OR,

## THE COUNTRY BOY IN TOWN.

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### CHAPTER I

#### COMING TO TOWN.

It was Frank's first visit to a great city, and he looked at every thing with wonder. The noise of the streets seemed to deafen him, and he scarcely escaped being run over by the carts and drays.

"This," thought he, "is New York! I really did not think it was so large!" And yet what Frank had seen as yet was less than the hundredth part of New York. But the rows of tall houses were so long, and the shop-windows were so fine, and the sights in the streets were

so new and wonderful, that he was in a ~~sort~~ of rapture.

After Frank had spent most of the day in rambling about, he found his feet very sore and his whole body wearied. After taking tea, he was shown to his lodgings, away up in the attic of a three-story house. Now it was, that ne began to feel that he was in a strange place. Two larger boys occupied the same little chamber; they were, like himself, employed in stores, in John street. They had already gone to bed. Frank sat down a few moments, and began to think over the events of the busy day, which seemed to him like a dream. At length, he opened his little red trunk, and the first thing he saw was the pocket-bible, which his mother had given him. You may be sure some tears fell upon it, as he opened it. He found the marker, which his sister had embroidered for him, and read on it the words, "O HOW I LOVE THY LAW!" He kneeled down, and prayed to God, with many tears, that he might be kept and



biessed, now that he was separated from his parents.

Frank's bed was not so good as the one which he had left at Coventry ; and he was surprised, for he thought every thing would be very grand in the great city. But he soon forgot himself, and slept, (as all healthy boys sleep,) soundly and well, until the day dawned.

It was a bright winter morning, and Ned and Joe were already dressed. They did not wait for Bible or prayer, but hurried away to their stores. Frank had time only to read a few verses, and to offer a short prayer. Boys in the city must rise early, or they will lose their devotions. And unless they form the habit at first, they are apt to have prayerless days. I am afraid there are hundreds who never pray at all.

The next thing was a quick walk, or rather run, to the place of business. Here Frank had to kindle a coal-fire, which he found no easy job, and then to open the store, and sweep and dust it out. Mr. Boggs came in about

nine o'clock, and then Frank hurried to his breakfast. It was the first breakfast he ever took, without family-prayer, and he thought of his father, mother and sisters. He ate fast; and, to tell the truth, there was not much to eat. His mind wandered away to the full table in the country. A good many persons sat at the table, but no one took any notice of the little country-boy.

It would take long to tell of the day's work. Frank was kept very busy, as is usual with the youngest. He was sent on many errands, to strange places, and several times lost his way: for which he was rebuked by his employers, and laughed at by the clerks and porter. Once or twice he was brought into trouble by bad boys; and once he had his fist doubled, to strike a fellow who had seized him; but he thought better of it. And he afterwards found, that the wisest plan in the streets is to go about one's business as quietly as possible. He was shocked at the bad language, which he heard from the boys even younger than himself; es-

pecially from those who carried newspapers, and from ill-looking chaps, who seemed to have no work to do. In a great city, it is impossible to avoid hearing such things; and the only way for a good boy is to take no notice of them, except to set the mind firmly against such evil words, asking God's help to be kept clear of the like sin.

During the few moments of the day which he had to himself, and was waiting for his parcels or letters, Frank's mind strayed off to his country home; and he sighed to think that he was so far away. But he comforted himself by remembering what his father had told him, at parting: "My son, you are going to a strange place; but if you are faithful, you will be able to support your mother and me, in our old age." And then he said to himself: "I will do any thing, and bear any thing, to help my beloved parents."

When the day was over, and the work of the store was done, he went slowly to his boarding-house, weary and sad. He took his

nasty meal by himself, and then went to his room. Ned and Joe were in high glee, about a nine-pin-alley, which they had been visiting; but Frank could not enter into their pleasure. They laughed at him, when he sat down to his Bible; and, for a moment, he thought he would shut it up. But then he remembered, how often his mother had told him "never to be shamed out of what was good," and so he read on. He was afterwards glad of this; for, in a little time, they grew weary of their jesting. He even summoned up resolution, to kneel down by his bed, and pray; though Joe sang "Old Dan Tucker," on purpose to disturb him, and Ned threw a bit of old rag over his head, while he was on his knees. I cannot say that poor Frank's thoughts did not wander a little; but he thus gained a great victory over himself. The boys fixed on him the name of *the Parson*; and gave notice at the table that he would preach the next Sunday Frank co-

loured a little, but was wise enough to say nothing.

Let the reader observe, that a boy who is afraid of being laughed at, will never become a man of independence ; and a boy who is laughed out of his prayers will be very likely to be laughed out of many other good habits and principles.



## CHAPTER II.

## TEMPTATION AND TROUBLE.

A FEW weeks passed away, and Frank had become quite familiar with his business. His home-sickness was much relieved. He had received two pleasant letters from home, which he carefully folded up, after he had read them about twenty times. He had sent a knitting-basket to his mother, and a pair of gloves to each of his sisters. It was becoming easy for him to find his way. He was quite at home at the post-office, the wharves, and the banks. Messrs. Boggs and Buncombe, his employers, began to find that he was always in his place ; the clerks saw that he was good-natured ; and Wickes, the book-keeper, had even gone so far as to give him a second-hand pinchbeck watch, which kept tolerable time if carefully set every morning.

But trouble was near. And let me tell my young reader, no youth in town can escape trouble. One very cold night, when he came home from the store, he found Briggs and Denton waiting for him at the door.

“Come, my lad,” said Denton, “we are going to the Bowery Theatre, and we mean to take you along.”

“I thank you,” said Frank, “but I do not wish to go.”

“Not wish to go!” cried he; “and why not? It shall cost you nothing; we are going to treat. You *shall* go, Mr. Parson.”

To make an unpleasant story short, they persuaded Frank, against his convictions. He went. Their seat was in the gallery, and he found, to his sorrow, that he was among bad men and bad women. He saw and heard things that night which made him sure that it was a wicked place. For a few moments, the novelty of the thing pleased him. He listened to charming music. He saw fine players, decked and painted; and he was astonished

at the scenery and the dancing. But he also saw and heard things which he knew were neither modest nor virtuous; and his heart was full of the conviction that he was in the wrong place. When they came out, in a great crowd, about eleven o'clock at night, he turned to the boys and said: "Now mind what I say—this is the first time I ever was in a theatre—and it shall be the last."

This raised a loud laugh. "Aha!" said Ned, "do you say so? Very well, so *we* said, three years ago; but we have got well over that; haven't we, Joe?"

"Yes," answered Joe, "I go to the theatre every week; and some day I will tell you where we get the money. And there are other places, too, where we mean to take you; mind that, Mr. Parson."

These words opened Frank's eyes; he began to see his danger, and was more firmly resolved to resist these temptations. He thought over several texts of Scripture, and wished he had remembered them a little sooner. How



solemnly his aged father had said to him, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

When they reached their boarding-house in Dey Street, the boys found that they were locked out; for it was near midnight. The noise of wheels had almost ceased in Broadway, and the only sound they heard was the sharp click of the watchman's staff upon the flag-stones.

Presently the heavy sound of the City-Hall bell began to give the signal of a fire. Almost immediately the engines were out, and a crowd began to gather. Ned and Joe were soon among the throng, and Frank saw nothing to do but to join them. Before they reached the place of the fire, Joe Denton stumbled over a rope, and in recovering himself thrust his elbow into the eye of a fireman, who struck him a smart blow. Joe and Ned were soon engaged in a brawl with the firemen; and Frank was trying to pull them away, when all on a sudden, he felt his arm roughly seized, and looking round perceived

that he was in the hands of a sturdy man, whose gilt star showed that he was one of the police. "Come, my young blade," said the officer, "I must give you a lodging; you begin early. I guess your mother does not know you're out?"

The very word "mother" went to poor Frank's heart. "Indeed, indeed, sir," said he, "I am not doing any harm—I did'nt want to be here—I was only trying to get those big boys home."

"O yes, the old story—I've heard the like before. Nobody is never doing no harm. But I'll take care of you. What is your name?"

"Frank Harper."

"Where do you live?"

"I am in Boggs and Buncombe's store, John Street."

"Where do you live?"

"I board at Mrs. Maggs's, Dey Street, near Washington."

"Well—come on:" so he hurried him along, and soon arrived at the watchhouse.

Here he was filled with horror, to find himself in a close room, heated by a stove, almost red hot, and occupied by three drunken vagrants, and a woman of tawdry dress, and very red countenance. It was a night of wretchedness. In the morning, the chief clerk of Messrs. Boggs and Buncombe, having heard of the boy, appeared for him, and had him released. Poor Frank could scarcely bear the looks of his employers ; but he told them the whole truth. The clerks had their sport about it ; but, what was most hard to bear, the larger boys, who had betrayed him into the snare and then escaped, made fun of his distress, almost every day, for weeks after.

This is not an uncommon occurrence in a great city. There are lads who, in trying to brave the ridicule which comes on them, after such things, only become more hardened. I am glad to say it was not so with Frank. He was confirmed in his determination to keep out of bad company, and especially, never to be out at night. These hours of

hunger, fear, shame, and imprisonment, and the disgrace which followed, were a lesson to him as long as he lived.

Most of the evils which befall youth in a great city are connected with the streets. It is hardly possible for a boy to be much out at night, without becoming depraved. The only safe rule is, to stay within doors. Yet it is wonderful to observe, that you can scarcely walk the streets, at any hour before midnight, without meeting numbers of boys, even of tender years. They are to be found in gangs about the doors of the Circus and Theatre, and sometimes the money which gains them entrance is procured by theft.



## CHAPTER III.

## YOUTHFUL ANXIETIES.

It was on a bright Saturday evening in December, that Frank had an errand to the foot of Chambers street, to receive some parcels by the steamboat from Peekskill. The boat was delayed, and this gave him half an hour to himself, which was unusual. He spent it in walking upon the pier, looking at the dark, rapid waves, crested with light foam, at the numerous craft of the river, and especially at the low hills of his native Jersey, behind which the sun had just gone down, leaving all the west in a blush with the evening-red.

Frank was not less cheerful commonly than other boys of his age, but late events had made him serious. He looked across the river to the hills, in the direction where he thought the little

village of Coventry must lie. He thought of his father: "I suppose he is now getting home the cattle, and making an end of the week's work. Mother is preparing every thing for Sunday. Mary and Anne are looking over the clothes ; or perhaps hearing one another say the Sunday-school lesson. And here am I—by myself—and in disgrace !" Here the little boy took out his blue handkerchief, to wipe his eyes ; but he wept the more, when he saw on the corner of it the mark wrought by his mother's needle. "I am sorry, I am sorry !" said he, "I have done wrong—I have indeed—but I hope I have not done as wrong as people think." And he wept the more.

Be not cast down, my young friend ; these are manly tears ! Let every youth, who reads these lines, know, that sorrow for sin is nothing to be ashamed of.

As Frank turned hastily, on reaching the corner of the pier, he found himself met by a young man of grave appearance, and kind looks, who spoke to him in a civil tone, and

said, "Good evening, my boy! So I see you have business here, as well as myself."

Frank had not been accosted in a tone so pleasant, for many a day. He felt as if he had almost met a friend. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I am waiting for the *Mountaineer*; I am to get some parcels by one of the hands of the boat."

"My business is with the same boat," said the stranger; "but it is not so pleasant. I am looking for news of a lad who has robbed our store, and has been pursued up the river by an officer."

"Ah! I hadn't heard of it. It is bad enough when boys get to robbing."

"Bad enough, indeed; but it is becoming too common. This young fellow broke open the safe of Mr. Brown'ey, and took a pocket-book, with four hundred dollars, and papers worth five times as much. New York boys are getting to be men in wickedness. Do you live in town?"

“Yes,” said Frank, “I do *now* ; but I have not been here long. I am a country boy.”

“Then,” said the other, “let me give you a bit of advice, my young friend. I was a country boy too, not long ago, and I know something of the dangers of the city. *Take care of bad companions.*”

This he said with so much seriousness, and with a look of so much cordiality, that Frank was encouraged to say: “I have found out already what a bad thing it is to go with wicked boys.”

“It is a good sign, to hear you say so. *Forewarned is forearmed.* And as you seem to be aware of the danger, you must let me put these tracts into your hands. You must read them. And if you will call at our store, I will give you more. My name is Brooks ; and I am a teacher in the Sunday-school of the Locust street church.”

Just then the boat came in sight. Frank received his packages, and was soon on his way down town. But as he walked along, he



thought on the few words he had heard. There was nothing in them, which he had not known before ; and yet they had made a deep impression on his mind. This should encourage us always to drop a good word to young persons, when we have an opportunity. Some have thus been instrumental in saving a soul from death.

That night Frank lay awake upon his bed, thinking over his conduct. He could not reproach himself, except in regard to his sinful compliance about the theatre. But this hurt his conscience, and made him think of other faults. So it often is. Thinking on one transgression is likely to make us think of other sins. "How I wonder at myself," thought he. "I was ashamed to say No. Now I remember what our minister used to say, '*Boys, if you mean to make any thing in the world, learn to say no.*' Now I know what he meant. I was ashamed—I was cowardly—I knew better!" And here his thoughts be-

gan to turn into prayer, and he asked God to pardon his sins.

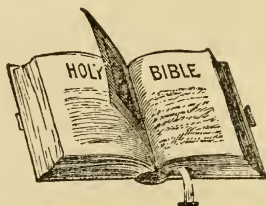
Frank had been piously educated, by excellent parents, and he knew what was right. But he also knew that he had never experienced that great change, which the Scriptures call being 'born again.' A long time before it was day, while Joe and Ned were fast asleep, this little boy, wrapped in his cloak, was kneeling down in the corner of his cold garret-room, praying to God. Though not seen by men, he was seen by angels, and by God. Happy is the youth who sometimes steals time even from slumber, for such a purpose.

The next day was the Sabbath. The poor fellow had no one to direct him to a place of worship. It is a pity that so many youth are cast upon a great and wicked city, just in this way. Frank did what many do, and what he had done on other Sabbaths. He wandered about the streets looking for a church. He went into one: it was crowded with

people. The house was full of the fumes of incense; he saw pictures and crosses, and heard prayers in a strange tongue: he did not remain long.

He approached another; many coaches were drawn up before it. The pews were filled with rich-looking people. There was a very young man in the pulpit, who was preaching about the evils of enthusiasm. Frank grew tired of standing, and came out. After roaming through several streets, he came to an old-fashioned building, and on entering was shown to a seat in the gallery. The minister was just finishing his sermon, and Frank heard him several times repeat these words: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." He found that they were in the nineteenth psalm. "That means *me*!" thought Frank. So he went home musing upon it. The words rang in his ears. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." He preached quite a little sermon to himself, and turned the words into prayer. When he got

to the house he committed the whole psalm to memory. I cannot say that he felt true repentance, but he certainly saw more of his sins than he had ever seen before. Where he had thought there was *one*, he now beheld a *thousand*. Thus God was causing him to “understand his errors.” Reader, have you any knowledge of this ?



## CHAPTER IV.

## RESOLUTIONS AND REFORMATION.

MONDAY morning is a time when industrious people feel uncommonly bright. Every thing seems to take a fresh start. The body and mind both have had rest, and they work with a sort of spring. This is the good effect of the Sabbath. Those do not feel thus, who spend holy time in labour or frolic.

On that Monday, (the fourth of December,) Frank was up bright and early. He had got leave of Mrs. Maggs to kindle a fire in the dining-room, in the basement; and there you might have seen him, at a table, with a dipped-candle which he had bought, and with pen and ink, very busy over a sheet of paper. What can our Frank be doing? Surely he is not about to make a book! Perhaps it is a letter.—No such thing. At the top of the sheet, he has

writer., in fair round-hand, like a ledger, these words :

“MY RESOLUTIONS.

“I. *Resolved,—that I will go to church every Sunday morning and afternoon.*

“II. *Resolved,—that I will read in my Bible.*

“III. *Resolved,—that I will become as good as ever I can.*”

Poor Frank ! His face is all in a glow of earnestness ! Shall we blame him for his resolutions ? No, no ! The things are all good—very good. But perhaps he may find that it is more easy to resolve than to perform.

Our little man had set out in the week with such a vehemence of purpose, that, if you had been in the secret, you might have read determination in his very face. He even composed his countenance to unusual sobriety. He feared to speak, lest he should utter something wrong. He was resolved not to lose

his temper. He did his errands in half the usual time. He felt so much need of being honest, that he returned a piece of twine, which he had previously taken from a shelf. He read several chapters in the Bible, and said his prayers with more attention than ever before. In a word, Frank began to feel as if he was almost as good a boy as he was required to be.

In the evening, as they were all sitting around the fire, the company were chatting, laughing, cracking nuts, and singing; but Frank was very grave and silent. He felt as if he was better than all around him. They wondered what had come over him, and thought he was sulky. Indeed it had much of that appearance. But he was trying to make himself good. At length, as he was going up stairs, with his night lamp, the thought came suddenly into his head: "Why, all this is very much like the *Pharisees*!" It was too true. He said over the words, "*Who can understand his errors?*" "Ah," said he

to himself, "I am afraid I have not got rid of the 'secret faults' yet." He felt that he was proud. Perhaps this is what is called self-righteousness. Such were his thoughts, and so far they were undoubtedly right.

When he came to his room, the opening of the door awakened his two companions, who were not at all pleased with the interruption. Ned turned over with some violence, and gave Frank a very hard name. This did not please him, especially as he was more exalted in his own opinion than usual ; he therefore replied, in a tone which immediately struck him as not being exactly proper. Ned was now displeased in his turn, and they were soon engaged in a boyish quarrel.

"You are pretty fellows," said Ned, "to be out till this hour of the night, and then to come stamping in, waking up those that are trying to sleep."

Frank was nettled, but he commanded himself enough to reply : "Now, Ned, you know



very well that I havn't been out of doors to-night."

"Ha! ha! A pretty story, indeed! How do I know but you have been spending an hour at the theatre, or may be at the watch-house? Eh! Master Parson."

This was rather more than Frank could bear. "*You* should not say it, any how. Did you not persuade me? Did you not almost force *mé* there? And then did you not leave me in the lurch? I can tell you one thing—I am never going again; and I can tell you another thing—wherever I go, I will go with my own money."

This was a home-thrust, for Ned had, only that very day, purloined a quarter of a dollar from his employers, and his evil conscience made him feel as if he had been found out. So he flew out of the bed, knocked the lamp out of Frank's hand, and seized him by the collar. There is no telling what might have been the result, as the little country boy was very resolute and very angry; but Joe had

waked up, in the mean time, and being stronger than either, pulled them apart, saying, "Let him alone, Ned ; you know we have got him into one scrape already ; and, what is more, the less you have to do with him the better."

It was long before Frank could compose himself for sleep. He had sunk in his own estimation. He had flown into a passion, and had been almost engaged in a fight. And this had happened to him, on the very day when he had made such good resolutions ! Yet he did not see the whole evil. He felt ashamed and sorry for these particular faults, which many persons would think no faults at all ; but he did not clearly perceive that the root of the evil was within. If the temptation had come upon him in another shape, it is likely he would have fallen in a different manner. The source of all was an evil nature, and an unregenerate heart, which would have led him to the greatest sins, but for the preventing grace of God.

The next day Frank was unhappy. He felt humbled in his own eyes. His companions would not speak to him; but this did not trouble him half so much as his own sense of something wrong within. "How strange!" said he to himself, "that just at the time when I was trying to be so good, I should break out into such tempers, and even go to bed without a thought of prayer.

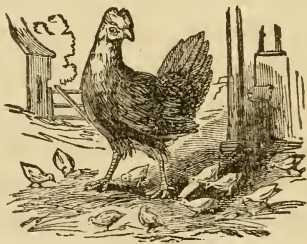
In one of the upper lofts of the store, there was a dark corner, where the porter, a man of colour, used to keep an old Bible. Frank sometimes saw him sitting there, on a box or a bale of goods, with a pair of rusty spectacles, trying to spell out a few verses. Cato was a poor reader; and this made Frank sometimes take the book, and read aloud to him. On the day we are speaking of, he found the old man at his usual task. He was puzzling over the seventh chapter of Romans. Frank very kindly took the book, and soon came to these words: "For the good that I

would, I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

"Do you know what that means?" said Frank.

"Yes, indeed, sir," answered the old man ,  
"I understand it too well : and if you ever undertake to be good, in your own strength, you will know what it means, too."

These few words of the coloured porter sunk into his mind. This was an exact description of his own case. He had been *undertaking to be good in his own strength* ; and he had learned his own weakness ; and found out that a resolution is a very different thing from a reformation.



## CHAPTER V.

## SOLITUDE IN A CROWD.

Do you think anybody can feel lonely in such a city as New York, where there are hundreds and thousands of people? Yes, it is possible; and our Frank felt it to be his own case, as many a country boy has done before him. He met hundreds after hundreds in the streets; almost always looking brisk and animated, and often conversing and seeming happy. But as for him, he was alone. No one cared for him; scarcely any one spoke to him. His employers never said a word to him, except to give him orders. It was the same with the elder clerks. The younger lads held their heads too high, to have much to do with him; and their profane language made him willing to avoid them. At his

lodgings, he found no one who took the least interest in him.

It is one of the great evils of our city business, that the young men who are employed in stores and shops cannot be said to have any *home*, except in cases where they live with their parents. Where shall a poor boy go, when work is over? To the store? It is locked up. To the house of his employer? He would as soon think of going to the house of the Mayor. To his boarding-house parlour? He is not expected there, and would often find no welcome. To his own chamber? It is small, dark and cold. In truth, he has no home! And hence the temptation is so much the greater, to spend the evenings in bad places.

Frank felt all this; and often did he think how different it was at Coventry. Father, mother, and sisters were all gathered around the fire; neighbours were dropping in; good things were served round; there were kind books and gentle words. Oh, let no boy desire to

leave his father's house, until called away by a plain duty!

One evening Frank felt the need of a walk ; so he put on his coat, and proceeded up Broadway. This crowded street was brilliant with gas. The shop-windows were far more showy than by day ; and the multitude of persons was greater. Now and then, he would stop before a brighter lamp than usual ; it was at some Oyster-saloon, Refectory, Bowling-gallery, or Café. These are the names given to various grog-shops. They are well lighted and well warmed, and hold out a powerful inducement to the shivering, the lonely, and the sad. But those who go there to drink away their sorrows are almost sure to perish, soul and body. Frank passed by.

Next he came to Park-Row, and stood before the theatre. The row of lamps was bright. He could catch the sounds of fine music. Gay-looking people were going in or coming out. A crowd of boys surrounded the entrance, eager to be admitted and cla-

mourning for checks. Frank remembered the great posting-bills which had told of the wonders to be seen and heard ; but he passed on, feeling very solitary.

As he went further and further, he found the grog-shops more numerous ; the windows less rich ; the houses poorer ; and the liquors more publicly displayed. At open doors he could hear the sound of merriment within. He saw boys of his own age coming out of these shining rooms, full of gayety, and knew how easy it would be to go in himself. O parents ! who send tender youth to cities, can we wonder that they fall into these snares ! Frank felt very, very lonesome ; but he passed on.

Weary of rambling, he at length turned to go home. A poor ragged boy offered him a small box saying, "Three for two cents—matches—please buy—please buy—I am hungry."—"Other people are in trouble, besides me," thought Frank. He declined buying, and the child gave him a volley of curses. It



shocked the country boy to hear such words, and made him even more afraid than before, to make street acquaintances.

Old Cato once said to him : “ Mr. Frank, what is the reason that I never see you with any playmates ? ”

“ I have no playmates, Cato. I used to have plenty of them in the country, but I am a stranger here. ’

“ Have you got no friends ? ”

“ Not any here, Cato. I have a good father and mother and sisters, in Coventry. ”

“ Then you are poorer than *I* am. When I go to my poor house at night, I find a welcome. The stove is hot, and something is cooking on it. There I find my ‘ old woman ’ and three daughters. My boys come in during the evening, and we have a dozen of friends looking in. We are all glad to see one another. I could not live without friends. ”

“ Yes, Cato, you have a *home* : but I am a stranger. ”

‘ I often wonder, ’ said Cato, “ why the

rich gentlemen don't do something to keep the young men out of mischief in the evenings. Boys are boys ; they will have company. If they are not cheerful in some good place, they will go to some bad one. I wonder if masters will not have to answer for this to the Master of all."

To this Frank made no reply ; for he thought as Cato did ; and his mind was wandering away to his father's house, and the delightful winter evenings which he had spent there.

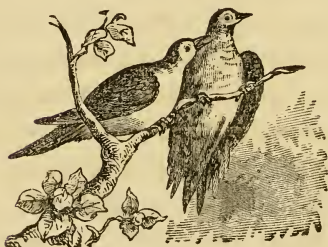
As he was entering Dey Street, on his return to tea, he met Ned and Joe, with a gang of about a dozen boys and men, very loud and merry. One of the men was a stable-keeper to whom he had taken errands. "Come, Frank," cried he, "come. There is to be a great poultry-affle in Leonard Street." This is a sort of lottery, in which the prizes are turkeys, ducks, and chickens ; but the chief attraction is the liquor, which is given very freely.

Frank could not help thinking that it was better to be lonely than to make merry in such company as this. He ascended to his room ; lighted his bit of candle with a match ; wrapped a blanket around him, and proceeded to read in *Pilgrim's Progress*—the only book which he possessed besides the Bible.

If the reader of these pages should ever become the employer of young men, I hope he will take pity upon those who are under his care, and at least find out what means they have of passing away their evening hours.

The Circus, the Theatre, the low Concert, draw multitudes night after night. These persons afterwards become ripe for crimes. Boys in town, who have no one to look after them, are early tempted to such places. But if they love their own souls, they should resolve to avoid them, lest they be drawn into greater depths of iniquity. The nearest grocery to my house was robbed the other night by a boy in the store, who rifled the money-drawer. When the police were called in,

they said at once, "He is probably at the Circus;" and there, indeed, he was, as they found in the course of half an hour.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE VISIT.

Now it is very likely (as I have said a good deal about religion, and about the bad ways of towns) that some of my readers think I am a sour old fellow, that would keep young people from every amusement. By no means, my young friends. You must have amusement of some kind or other; and it is because there are so many tempting and evil entertainments, that I so earnestly desire that an effort should be made in our cities to furnish you with such as are harmless.

Frank was growing too dull for a lad of his years. He felt the need of companions, and thought much of his sisters and cousins.

One morning Mr. Buncombe stopped Frank, as he was on the stairs, and said to him: "My lad, how would you like to spend a day at

your father's?" Frank's heart leaped within him. Forgetting the dignity of Mr. Buncombe, he seized his hand, and said,—“O, sir, it would be too good! I should thank you for ever! But *can* I go? *When* shall I go?” “Next Thursday,” replied his employer, “is Thanksgiving-day; and we have to close the store. You may get ready to go the evening before: but mind, you are to be here by ten o'clock on Friday: not a moment later. Do you see this watch? Not a moment later. Remember: Friday at ten.—“O yes, sir—yes, sir,—Friday at ten”—said the poor boy, scarcely knowing what he said.

It was as if a burden had been lifted off his young heart. You may be sure he counted the days and hours, until the happy moment. He was fluttering with fear lest something should turn up to hinder it. He counted up his little hoard of money in his pocket-book. Part of this he laid aside, to pay his passage: the rest he appropriated to gifts for those at home. The first spare evening he spent in

making purchases ; and how he turned them over, in his lonely garret ! First, there was a large-print New Testament, with Psalms at the end, for his dear mother. Secondly, there was an ivory-headed cane, for his dear father. Thirdly, there was a box of colours for his sister Mary. Fourthly, there was a gilt ink-stand for his sister Ann. And fifthly, there was an ornamented powder-horn for Jonathan, who worked on the farm. His heart was very much engaged in this, and the feeling was good and praiseworthy.

When Tuesday night came, his red trunk was all packed, except the change of clothing which he was to wear ; and he had been twice to the railroad office, to be sure of the right place of starting. But he got scarcely a wink of sleep ; and when he dozed a little, he was far away in Coventry.

At length the happy Wednesday dawned, and his first thought was, that he should sleep that night under his father's roof. He ate little at the table, so that the landlady smiled,

and told him he was *journey-proud*. Several times he made sad mistakes in his errands ; for, poor fellow ! his thoughts were in the country. A full hour before the time, he sallied out with his coat, umbrella, and trunk, and the cane for his father, and was at the foot of Liberty Street, before the ticket office was open. He looked with a sort of gratitude on the whiskered man who gave him his ticket ; and rushed on to the ferry-boat, as if he was afraid it would be off before him. He was soon in the cars ; the locomotive whizzed and smoked ; and the train began to move. It seemed to him to move slowly, though they were going almost twenty miles an hour.

Darkness came on, and when they arrived at the place where he was to get out, the moon and stars were shining brightly. He alighted, and looked about him. He knew that he was expected. Presently he heard a familiar sound ; it was the snort of old Roan, the family horse ; and then he knew the creak of the wheels, as the little wagon drove rapidly round the tavern.



His heart went pit-a-pat. With a husky voice, he said, "Who is it?" and in a moment he was in his father's arms. "Come, my son," said the old man—"let me look at you once more!" and he held his ruddy face in the light of the window. "Come in with your trunk—we have four miles to drive, you know—and your mother and the girls are waiting for you."

Frank seated himself, and gently took the reins out of his father's hand. It was his old place, and it had been long since he had handled the "lines." He knew every foot of the road, by day or night; and old Roan pricked up his ears at the well-known voice, and trotted off like a colt.

"There," said Frank, "there is Mr. Frost's house—I see the light in their sitting-room." "Yes," said his father, "his boys have come home to Thanksgiving."

"And there is the old mill—and yonder is the school-house." And see! the moon is shining on the steeple of our church. And

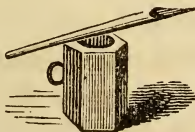
oh, there is our own lane—and the cherry-trees—and Towzer—I hear his bark !”

True enough, there was the lane, and there was Towzer, who almost stifled the boy, as he jumped down to open the gate. As soon as the sound of the wheels was heard, the door flew open, and out bounded two rosy-cheeked girls, who threw their arms around his neck. “Brother, brother !” was all they could say ; but it was enough. In the door stood his gentle mother, trembling with more than her lips could express. For an instant she held him off, gazing into his face, and then folded him to her bosom, whispering, “Thanks be to God !”

If there is a happy sight on earth, it is that of a loving family, united after separation. The large fire-place was piled with logs, which filled the room with their blaze. The circle was formed, and a thousand questions were asked. Towzer lay upon the hearth, and looked in his young master’s face. Impatient to open his stores, the red trunk was

unlocked, and Frank distributed his gifts. They were received with admiration and thanks. Jonathan came in, and shook him some seconds by the hand. Then, restless with joy, Frank must needs go into every room in the house, and afterwards out of doors, to see whether the barn, the smoke-house, and the dairy stood in their old places.

The supper-table was spread. The good father asked God's blessing. Frank praised the home-made bread, the milk, the preserves, and declared he had never sat at such a table in New York. Once again they all kneeled in family prayer; and when the grateful boy went to his well-remembered bed, he thought it was the happiest day of all his life.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THANKSGIVING-DAY.

IT is the custom, in some parts of the country, for all the members of a family to come together on Thanksgiving-day ; and a very good custom it is. It serves to draw the bonds more closely between parents and children, brothers and sisters. This makes it a delightful day for many a youth, who is absent from his father's house all the rest of the year. So it was with Frank. After a night of sound sleep, he arose in the morning, refreshed and cheerful. By daylight, he could now look around on the familiar objects which had escaped him in the darkness. All gave him pleasure. He looked with satisfaction at the horses, the cattle, the flock of sheep, and the very fowls in the yard, which he used

to feed. There was not a thing inside or outside of the house, which did not bring up pleasant recollections. But most of all was ne happy in the presence of his dear parents and sisters ; and he saw his own joy reflected in their countenances. When all were summoned to morning prayers, he almost wept at the sight of the old family Bible and psalm-book ; and when they kneeled in prayer, and he heard his aged father give thanks for the return of the only son, Frank could no longer contain himself.

We need not inquire minutely into the country breakfast, to which they sat down. Suffice it to say, it was bountiful, and Frank could not have been more happy, if he had been a king. Of course they all went to the village church, to hear a sermon from Mr. Miller. It was a plain building of stone, about a hundred years old ; but it was dear to Frank, for there he had been used to go, ever since his infancy, and near it his grandparents were buried. There was great look-

ing round among the people, to see who of the young folks had come home to spend thanksgiving; and when the service was over, it seemed as if there would be no end to the shaking of hands and asking of questions. Friends of his father, and old playmates gathered around Frank, and it was a full half hour before he could mount his pony for a return.

The company was now increased and the house was full. Four or five carriages and wagons drove into the lane at once, besides several persons on foot. There was uncle Joshua Harper, and the three aunts, sisters of his mother. There were several cousins, who came because their own parents were dead, and they had found a friend in farmer Harper. There was the schoolmaster, Mr. Tree, who had no friends of his own. And there was Mr. Miller, the clergyman; who, being unmarried, was invited home to Mr. Harper's. The fires were large, crackling and blazing. All were in their best clothes and best tem-

per ; and, as there was no constraint, the company was full of innocent glee.

Frank had a great desire to talk with his father about his religious anxieties. He therefore followed him to the stable, where he went to see after the dumb creatures. It is not unlikely that the old gentleman kept at this work longer than he would otherwise have done, in order to converse with his boy. But Frank's mouth was sealed on the great subject. Reverence for his father, joined to natural bashfulness, kept him from saying any of the things he had intended. Mr. Harper gave his son much good advice. Frank, in his turn, related the whole affair of the theatre and the watch-house. His father did what every good parent would do in a like case ; he expressed his sorrow for the act ; but he commended the candour of the confession. And, in reply to Frank's complaints about solitude, his father told him, that the best of all society was *Christian society*, and that he must try to gain the advan-

tage of this. He therefore earnestly recommended to him to attach himself to some Sunday-school, without delay.

A Thanksgiving dinner in the country is no slight affair. My readers will not expect from me an account of the turkeys, the hams, the pumpkin-pies, the puddings and the custards, under which the table groaned. One thing is certain, Mrs. Harper and the girls had thought more of Frank, in their preparations, than of all the other guests. Several poor persons were waiting in the kitchen for their accustomed alms, and went away fully laden.

Then came the long afternoon and evening, around the noble wood-fire; when cheerfulness and friendship were mingled with religious communion and grateful praise. The crowded assemblies of the rich and great can show nothing equal to such a scene; and there are a thousand such on every general Thanksgiving-day. The school-master was also a singing-master, and had brought his bass-



violin; and though the girls had no piano-forte, several of them had sweet voices. The minister and uncle Joshua carried a grand bass, and Frank (though somewhat out of practice) resumed the tenor of his earlier days. Altogether it was a fine concert; and the auditors, who were at the same time performers, had quite as much enjoyment as the fine gentlemen and ladies who pay their dollar to hear a foreign fiddler or a brace of painted madames.

Mary and Anne learned more about New York and its ways, that evening, than they had ever dreamed of before: their brother was now a great authority in their eyes; and they listened with wonder to what he told them about the shipping, the steamers, the immense stores, the churches, the museums, the fountains, the Croton-water, the fires, and the processions. To tell the truth, the girls were really all alive with desire to "go shopping" in Broadway. But ah! how many are there, who lament, when it is too late, that they ever trod the streets of a great city!

During a pause in the conversation, Frank became very pensive, and at length followed his mother into the little back-room, where she had taught him so many lessons before. Anticipating his wish, (as mothers do,) Mrs. Harper seated herself, and Frank did the same. There was something on his mind. He looked into his mother's eyes, and then upon the floor.

"Why, my son," said Mrs. Harper, "what ails you? See! You have torn to pieces the beautiful daily rose, which Anne just now gave you."

Frank looked at the poor remains of the flower, as it hung from his fingers, and said, "I am very sorry; but, mother, I was thinking of something else."

"Come then, my boy, and tell me what it is. I am afraid they do not treat you well in New York. You are more serious than you used to be. Is there any thing of this sort to trouble you?"

“No, mother; but there is something I want to speak to you about.”

“Then, my son, speak freely; you know I will help you in every way I can. Have you got into any debt, or into any quarrel?”

“Oh no!” said Frank, laying his head on his mother’s shoulder; “I tried to tell father, but I could not; but I *can* tell you, mother. I am in trouble about what will become of my soul.”

Mrs. Harper was overcome with her emotions. She wiped away Frank’s tears while shedding many of her own. She advised him, she prayed with him, and before he went away she gave him two or three books and some tracts, and also procured a letter from Mr. Miller, to introduce him to a worthy clergyman. It was a new cause of thanksgiving for this pious mother, on that day of rejoicing; and it was an unspeakable relief to the dutiful son, that he had opened his mind to one who loved him so well.

The happiest day must come to an end;

and so it was with this one. The company separated, and though the snow had been falling for several hours, they went their different ways with much animation.

Not to stop for the painful farewell, let me say, that Frank was up long before day on Friday. His good father took him to a place in the road where he could enter the New Brunswick railway train; and, five minutes before ten, he reported himself to Mr. Buncombe, in John Street. The absence had done him good, and he felt stronger, both for labour and endurance, than before he went.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE HOUSE OF GOD.

THE bells were ringing for church on Sunday morning. The new chime of Trinity Church steeple was filling the air with its tune. Broadway, the great thoroughfare, was crowded with well-dressed people, who seemed to be going to church. Among these Frank mingled, with his book under his arm, and a letter in his hand, which he was to deliver to the Rev. Mr. Halsted. At length, he reached Locust Street, and found himself in front of the church to which he had been directed. It was a lofty edifice of brown stone, with a row of columns in front, and a steeple of some height. The congregation had not yet begun to assemble, but he perceived that a large building in the rear was resorted to, by a

number of persons. Frank ascended the steps, and respectfully addressed himself to a grave, elderly gentleman, who was standing in the doorway. "Will you be so good as to tell me, sir, how I shall find Mr. Halsted, the minister of this church?"

"Nothing is more easy," replied the old gentleman, with a gracious smile, "I am the very person you are looking for."

"Indeed, sir! Then I have a letter for you, from Mr. Miller of Coventry." Mr. Halsted read the letter, and then taking Frank by the hand, led him into the church. He then called the sexton and directed him to give Frank a seat, and to see that he was always provided with it. "I expect to see you here always—twice a day, my young friend; you know the saying, 'the rolling stone gathers no moss.' I expect you to be here in time. And I expect to see you at my house, next Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, when I mean to become further acquainted with you."

Frank's seat was in the gallery, near the

pulpit, so that he had a good view of the congregation as they came in. They seemed, for the most part, to be plain but respectable people. When the service began, and the whole assembly joined in singing the hymn, Frank was delighted, and united his own voice with that of the multitude. In the prayers, his mind was very much engaged; they appeared to be exactly suited to his case. When the minister rose to preach, he took for his text these words, "*Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.*"\* It was a simple but earnest discourse, on the power of the Holy Spirit to subdue the evil nature within us. Every word seemed to Frank as if it were meant for him. He wondered how Mr. Halsted could have learned so much of his case. The preacher described just such feelings as he had had; just such efforts at reformation; and just such mortifying defeats. It was Frank's experience to a tittle.

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\* Galatians v. 16.

But he went on further to describe what Frank had *not* experienced. He spoke of a new nature ; of the indwelling of the Spirit of God in the renewed soul ; of grace to help in time of need ; and of the work of sanctification. He explained what was meant by “walking in the Spirit,” and showed how this blessed Comforter and Sanctifier is given to every one of God’s people, enabling them to do what they could not do of themselves. “I see,” said Frank to himself, “that I have a great deal yet to learn. This new nature is what I have not received.”

As he walked homeward, his anxiety appeared to him to be much renewed ; yet he felt an unspeakable satisfaction in having a place of worship, to which he could regularly go. He repaired thither again in the afternoon, and was again instructed ; so that he could say of God’s house, “*A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*” In returning, he chose to walk homeward along the North River. How was he astonished to see the



multitudes of young men and boys who were evidently profaning the day. Scores of these were out riding; and, cold as was the day, numbers were crossing the ferries to New Jersey. Can such youth have any parents? Or can parents be so unfeeling, or so ignorant, as to let their sons come to town, without taking any care about their going to church?

*Every young man in a city should have some stated place of worship.* It is not enough that he go to church; he should go regularly to the same church. I do not say a word about its denomination. If the gospel is preached there in truth and simplicity, let it be Lutheran, Moravian, Methodist, or Episcopalian; I am not concerned, only let him have some place which he may call his own, and let him have his regular seat there.

A very large number of all the clerks and apprentices in New York are from the country. When they come to town they are stran-

gers ; and one church is to them the same as another. They wander about from place to place, until all regular habits are lost. I have known even professors of religion to spend months without forming any church connection ; and some mournful cases have occurred, in which such persons have abandoned all religious character.

One thing was very pleasing to Frank, at the Locust Street church. A large part of the gallery was devoted to the children of the Sunday-school ; all of whom sat with their respective teachers. And among these teachers he saw a young man, who, he felt almost sure, was the very Mr. Brooks, who had given him a tract at the foot of Chambers Street. This may seem a small matter, but to a poor boy who wanted a friend, any thing was delightful which offered the hope of finding one. Young men in town can have no such means of making valuable friends as those which are offered by their religious connections.

Frank determined to use all proper means to discover Mr. Brooks. He ransacked his closet for the tract, on which he had written his place of business. At last he found it, and with much joy read the words,



**B. B. BROOKS,**  
**NO. 220 CASTLE STREET.**

Now this, thought Frank, is what I may call a kind providence. For when Mr. Miller directed me to Locust Street, I had no remembrance that Mr. Brooks was a teacher in their Sunday-school.

The Lord's-day is a very sad time, when spent among wicked people. So Frank found it, at Mrs. Moggs's. Two of her lodgers were Germans, who seemed to be infidels, and who played on violins a good part of the day; and in the evening a whist table was commonly set out. They appeared to suspect

Frank of something like religion, for in his presence they always talked a great deal about “saints,” and “hypocrisy,” and questioned him concerning the church he attended. All this made him only the more sensible of his solitary condition, and caused him to long the more for some useful and Christian companion.



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

It was several days before Frank found leisure to pass through Castle Street. At last he made his way thither, and was much gratified to find Mr. Brooks in his store.

“Perhaps, sir,” said Frank, “you do not remember me : I am the boy to whom you gave a tract, some time ago, at the foot of Chambers Street.”

“O yes,” said Mr. Brooks ; “and I thought I had met with you before, when I saw you last Sunday ; for I spied you in the gallery ; but was so busy with my boys that I could not look after you. But how did you come to our church ?”

*Frank.* I had a letter to Mr. Halsted, from our minister in the country—at Coventry

*Brooks.* Ah, then you are one of Mr. Miller's boys. We know him well. He was bred among us, and was once our superintendent. Now tell me, what brought you to me ?

*Frank.* Sir, I liked your looks. You spoke kindly to me ; and you seemed to care for my soul. Nobody else has done the like for me here.

A tear glistened in Mr. Brooks's eye, as he took the boy by the hand and said, " What friends have you in town ? "

*Frank.* I have no friends, but my employers ; and I never see them out of the store.

*Brooks.* Then you shall have *one* friend—and I give you my hand upon it. You might have gone to ruin ; it is a mercy that you have not. Let me know your lodgings, and let me see you as often as you can. Perhaps you would like to be a teacher in our Sunday-school.

Frank blushed and said, " Not a *teacher*, sir, I know my place better than that ; but I should like well to be a scholar."

“Then a scholar you shall be; and next Sunday, at eight o’clock, I will call for you; remember—for Sabbath time is more precious than gold—eight o’clock.”

The Sabbath came round, and Frank was sitting in the little parlour patiently awaiting his friend’s call. When Mr. Brooks entered, he looked quite startled, for Ned and Joe were engaged in mending a pair of skates, and Mr. Niedert was rendering the same service to some disabled chess-men; while one or two champagne-baskets, in the corner, bore witness to the habits of some of the inmates. They left the house together.

“And this is your boarding-house, Frank?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And this is the way they spend the Lord’s day!”

“A good deal too much of this, I must confess.”

“And who directed you to the place?”

*Frank.* Why you see, sir, my father had no acquaintances in town: so he went to Mr.

Bubble, who keeps tavern in our village and Mr. Bubble directed him to a brother-in-law of his, in Washington market ; and this last one brought me here.

*Brooks.* Ah, I see how it is ! Thus it is that hundreds of young men come in from the country, and are ruined for want of proper guardianship. But this must have an end—you cannot live here any longer.

*Frank.* Why, sir, where can I live ?

*Brooks.* You shall live with *me* ; at a respectable, economical boarding-house down town ; so I advise you to make your arrangements immediately.

Though Frank did not know it, this was one of the most important steps which had ever been proposed to him. Little as he knew of his danger, however, he was overjoyed at the thought of escaping from such evils, and of being near such a friend. Would to God, that all pious young men, in cities, were awake to the importance of rescuing the youth around them from evil associations.



Arrived at the Sunday-school, Frank was surprised and astonished to find three large rooms filled with scholars. Good Mr. Brooks modestly said that he did not think he was able to teach Frank, so well as his friend Mr. Rood, who had a more advanced class. So Frank was placed under the care of this gentleman, by whom he was kindly received, and furnished with all the necessary books. The time passed away pleasantly, and he was sorry when the hour was over. He received a printed card, with the rules of the school, and the following additional particulars, viz. :

“1. Remember the Missionary collection.

“2. Remember to meet with your teacher, at his room, on every Saturday evening, to go over the lesson.

“3. Remember the Prayer Meeting, on the second Monday of the month.

“4. Remember to practise the hymns and tunes for the Monthly Prayer Meeting.

“Remember the Scripture passage in the

Union Questions, and commit to memory a portion of the verses, every day."

In the course of a few days, Frank took his departure from Mrs. Moggs's, and went to his new lodgings. They were new indeed ! For though he still had an attic room, he had it all to himself. He had a washstand, a chest of drawers, and a hanging-shelf. The landlady was a pious widow, and the lodgers were all serious persons. The blessing of God was asked at their meals, and they had family prayer, morning and night. Above all, he had—in Mr. Brooks, a judicious, experienced and affectionate friend, to whom he could look up as to an elder brother. He had no sooner found himself alone in his little chamber, than he kneeled down, to thank God for this great and unexpected mercy.

Let the reader pause and think how much good he might do, by seeking out some friendless lad, and rescuing him from the temptations of a great city. For a youth away

from home, to find such a friend, is better than to receive an inheritance of wealth. And let it be remembered, it is *religion* which inspires such benevolence, and makes such friends. If therefore any youth in town is led to feel his need of such a guide and protector, the best and shortest rule I can give him is in these words: *Hasten to connect yourself with a good Sunday-school.*

Frank found the school a source of constant pleasure. It gave occupation to his mind. The lessons were not usually hard; and when he met with any difficulty, he had Mr. Brooks in the house to aid him, who went with him to the minister's, where he was always cordially welcomed. He became acquainted with four respectable boys, who met with him, in Mr. Brooks's room, every Saturday evening. At the prayer-meetings, he joined in delightful singing, and saw himself surrounded by a company of youthful Christians, every one of whom

was ready to take him by the hand. And, what was still better, these new associations, and the lessons which he received, tended to deepen those religious impressions which he had already received. Having been made to feel his own ignorance and weakness, he opened his mind to instruction, with the simplicity of a little child. It seemed almost too good to be true, that a few days should have wrought so great a change in his circumstances and his feelings; and he would have been perfectly happy, if he had not been conscious of a burden on his soul, which was not yet removed. He sat down in Mr. Brooks's room, where there was a fire, and wrote a long letter to his father and mother; in which he gave them a full account of all that had taken place.

The next Sabbath was indeed a day of rest. He longed for the hour of school; and when there, he was calm and full of satisfaction. He listened to the word of God with new interest, and, at Mr. Brooks's

suggestion, opened a little book, in which he might record so much as he could recollect of the sermons. How different a face would be put on our cities, if all the young men from the country, in shops and stores, were under a like influence !



## CHAPTER X.

## EARLY TRIALS.

It is not the way of Providence to let any one who is in the right way continue long without trials. It was only a few weeks after the events last related, that Frank was surprised by a summons into the back-office, to meet Messrs. Boggs and Buncombe. Such a thing had never happened before. These gentlemen looked very grave, and Mr. Boggs began the conversation by saying: "What is this, my lad, that we hear about your boarding-house?"

*Frank.* Indeed, sir, I do not know what you mean.

*Mr. Boggs* Don't you live at No. 41 Dey Street?

*Frank.* No sir, I *did* live there at first ; but I changed my lodgings more than a month ago.

Mr. Boggs looked at Mr. Buncombe, and said, with a smile : “ This is better than I thought. Look at that paper ; you will see that two men have been arrested at that house, for having entered several stores with false keys. They have been committed. Two boys also—Denton and Briggs—are under suspicion as accomplices, but have been dismissed for want of sufficient evidence. We were afraid they might be acquaintances of your’s.”

“ I know them,” said Frank, “ but I know no good of them ; and I have not laid eyes on them since I left the house.”

Many thoughts came into Frank’s mind, on hearing this piece of news. He saw how near he had been to the greatest snares. He might at least have been involved in the most mortifying suspicions , and he thanked God

that he had been rescued from such a peril. Now he began to understand the noises of hammering and filing, which he used to hear, by day and night, in Mr. Niedert's room, and to see how Ned and Joe managed to be always so flush of money.

About dusk he was returning from the store, when he was accosted by two young men, just in front of old Grace Church: he at once recognised them as his former chamber-fellows. While he was doubting whether he should stop or not, Joe seized him violently by the collar, and said, with a malignant sneer—"So you have been peaching, you young scoundrel—have you?"

"Perhaps I may answer you better," replied Frank, nothing daunted, "if you let me loose, and if you tell me what *peaching* means."

Joe here loosened his hold, and said—"Fool! peaching means *that*—and *that*—



and *that* ;” at the same time striking him with his fist ; while Frank defended himself as well as he could.

Frank was now in difficult circumstances ; he was no coward, and he was remarkably stout of his age. Against either of them, singly, he knew he could make very good battle ; but two against one was foul play. Besides, he abhorred the thought of a street-fight ; and, more than all, he saw no reason why he should beat and injure them, even if they had abused him.

“You are a sneaking informer !” cried Ned Briggs—“we know well enough who has put the police on the scent : but you’ll find it was the worst day’s work you ever did, when you carried tales against *us*.”

Here Frank began to understand that they ascribed their detection to something which he had said ; and he declared with great truth that he had known nothing about the matter, until within a few hours.

Here he was interrupted by language which must not be repeated. Ned threw off his coat, and dared him to a fight. Frank felt the blood rush to his face, and was within an ace of accepting the challenge. A crowd was already gathered, among whom were several persons who were ready to help on the mischief. After looking his opposer steadily in the eyes, Frank bit his lip, and said:—"You have attacked me for nothing—I have done you no harm. If you touch me, I shall defend myself—but you shan't get me into a fight; so I mean to go quietly home."

As he turned away, the boys cried out—"Coward—coward!" and several of the bystanders joined in the cry. At the same time, Ned and Joe proceeded to seize upon him, with intentions of further violence. The result might have been unfavourable; if a man, passing by, had not stopped to see what was the matter, and recognised Frank

It was the principal clerk of a store, out a few doors from Boggs and Buncombe's. Being athletic and well-dressed, Mr. Clark was received with some respect, and succeeded in disengaging his young friend, and conducting him towards his lodgings.

"They have hit you in the mouth," said Clark, "it is bleeding."

Here the cries of "Coward! coward!" were again heard from the assailants.

"Never mind that," said Clark. "You have done well to keep clear of a fight, which would probably have lodged you in the watch-house. I will explain this matter to Mr. Boggs, and he will take care that you are protected."

When Frank reached his boarding-house, he related the circumstances to Mr. Brooks, who was much concerned.

"I am thankful," said he, "that it is no worse; and I am glad that these unruly

fellows have not left their mark on your face."

And here he removed Frank's cap, and smoothed down the brown, curly hair, over a face which was crimson with excitement.

Frank did not care for the blows; nor, indeed, was he at all intimidated; but, to tell the truth, the name of *coward* had stung him deeply. Next day, he found that the story had got to the store, and that the younger clerks had formed no very high opinion of his valour. This was an affliction to him: but he thought within himself, "I know I am *not* a coward—and my conscience is clear—so I will try not to mind what people think of me."

This was a wise determination. His employers, after Mr. Clark's testimony, were fully satisfied, and commended him for his forbearance. It was scarcely a week before

Ned and Joe were both convicted of a petty theft, and thrown into prison ; and even the boys in the store began to perceive that Frank had acted bravely as well as prudently.



## CHAPTER XI.

## COURAGE.

ABOUT midnight, on the first of March, Frank was awakened by the heavy toll of the fire-bell. Almost immediately he heard the voice of Mr. Brooks at his door.

“Frank! Frank!—The fire is in the neighbourhood of your store. I think we had better go and see.”

Frank hurried on his clothes, and ran up to the fire. When they reached John Street, the whole row of buildings appeared to be in a blaze. After a few steps, Frank perceived, that although their store was not on fire, it was in imminent danger, as the houses on one side and in the rear were burning. Messrs. Boggs and Buncombe were already on the spot; their own safe and books were brought out, and all hands were employed in

removing the valuable goods. Few scenes are more exciting than a city fire. The bells, the noise of the firemen, the gathering of crowds, the working of the engines, and the adventures of brave fellows upon the burning houses, make it almost like a battle.

Frank set himself to work with resolution. The upper lofts were filled with costly goods, and he almost exceeded his strength, in laboring to remove them. At last, the roof of the house in the rear fell in, and a column of smoke and flame ascended to the skies. The cry was given that their own roof had caught; and the walls were heated like an oven. Now was the time for Frank to show himself a man. He was the most bold and agile in the company. His country climbing had given him firmness of footing, and he was foremost on the roof, and far out on the edge, spreading wet blankets and cloths upon the walls.

"Who is that lad?" cried several men

below. "See!—he is standing on the extreme point! What madness!—he will certainly fall! Who can it be?"

"That," said Mr. Clark, "is the boy who was called a *coward*." And the young clerks who had sneered at him, now looked up at his daring, and were silent.

But Mr. Boggs saw that Frank was imprudent, and therefore directed him to other services, which were equally important. They had the satisfaction of seeing their store saved; and towards morning one of the partners called Frank, and putting into his hand a portfolio of valuable papers, said, "Here Frank, I give you these papers, to carry to my house in Waverley-place; for I know you are a trusty and a brave boy." Frank's face glowed at the commendation. Perhaps he had ventured more than he ought to have done, because he knew his courage had been suspected. But now he had been placed in circumstances where none could doubt it.



The few days which followed were occupied in a great variety of unusual labours, occasioned by the fire. In this Frank was enabled still more to commend himself to his employers, who saw that he was both willing and competent, and that he really looked on their interest as his own. It is not surprising therefore that they made him a very handsome present, in money; this he immediately deposited in the Savings-bank.

When a young man comes into favour, it is wonderful how suddenly low and vulgar minds change their opinion of him. So it was with Frank. The young clerks sought his acquaintance. But this did not alter his behaviour to them: he was civil now, as he had been civil before. John Small, the youngest of them, was so polite as to invite him to join a Sunday excursion to Coney Island! Frank not only declined, but explained to John the reasons upon which he did so. Samuel Roe offered him a chance

of seeing a grand boxing-match, at the Hall of Novelty, in Pearl Street, which he treated in like manner.

With Mr. Brooks his intercourse was of a very different kind. He knew that this young man was a true Christian, and one who had his welfare at heart. They spent much time together, in walking and talking, and in studying the word of God.

One day, as they were at the foot of Barclay street, they saw a number of persons come off the ferry boat, surrounding a litter, which was very carefully covered. On inquiry, they found it contained a young gentleman, who had been wounded in a duel at Hoboken. The villain who had challenged him, and sent a ball into his side, had fled. "This," said Mr. Brooks, "is what the world calls an affair of honour ; but what the law of God calls murder."

*Frank.* Why do men fight duels ?

*Brooks.* Partly from savage revenge, but more frequently from fear.

*Frank.* Fear! Why I thought it was courage that made men fight.

*Brooks.* You ought to know, Frank, that it sometimes takes more courage *not* to fight. It certainly does in the case of duels. When a man is challenged, it often happens that he has no desire to fight; and when at length he does so, it is for fear of being ridiculed as a coward. This is the fear of man—it is cowardice.

*Frank.* Then duelling is cowardly murder.

*Brooks.* Exactly.

*Frank.* Do you think *every* duellist is a murderer?

*Brooks.* Certainly I do; and a murderer of an aggravated sort. For common murders are often committed in the heat of passion—or a sudden surprise; but with the duellist, all is cool and deliberate.

*Frank.* Why then do so many duels take place, among great men in Washington, and among officers of the army and navy?

*Brooks.* Because they fear man more than God. Always remember the saying of a great man, *My son, fear God and you will fear none else.* There are very bad principles abroad in the world, in regard to honour, retaliation, courage and revenge. They are implanted in boys, or they would never bring forth such fruit in men.

*Frank.* What principles do you mean, sir?

*Brooks.* Such as these: If any one strikes me, I must strike back.—If any one insults me, I must strike him.—If any one injures me, I must avenge my honour.—These are all directly opposed to the gospel.

*Frank.* But true courage is a very noble thing.

*Brooks.* So it is; most pleasing to God, and most honourable to man. But no one has it who is not a true Christian. No one is fully above the fear of death, for example, who does not entertain a good hope of happiness beyond it. And one who feels that he

is always in the presence of the heart-searching God, cannot stand trembling at the opinion or the threats of a fellow-man.

These words set Frank to musing, and filled him with desires to know more of that blessed change of heart, of which he felt his need, more and more, every day. It was the subject now which above all others was on his mind ; and it led him that night to more earnest prayer than he had ever offered before.



## CHAPTER XII.

## CONVICTION.

How lovely a sight is youthful devotion. There are those who most admire the glow of boyhood, in sports or learning. But it is more interesting still to behold a youth bowed in solitude before God in prayer. And the sight is one which gives joy in heaven.

Frank Harper would have seemed already a good boy, to any who should have seen him. Especially during the last few weeks, he had been making earnest endeavours to walk in the right way. But every step he took appeared to him to reveal some new evil in his nature.

It was an excellent custom of Mr. Brooks to spend some hours of every week, in looking up children for the Sunday-school. In these

visits, he sometimes took Frank along with him. On one occasion, they went into a dark, ill-looking court, and up a crazy staircase, into the room of an Irish family. In an inner room, (or rather closet,) a poor man was lying ill with the consumption. He looked as if he could not live more than a few days longer. When he was asked what hope he had for the future, he made a reply, which is, alas ! too common, “ I think I shall go happy, for I have never done any one any harm.” When they left the house, Frank said—“ How could O’Brien talk so ! It is as if he would be saved without a Saviour. Ah ! that is not the way I feel. If I am ever saved, it must be by being pardoned.”

In so saying, Frank was sincere. Others thought him good ; but he thought himself a sinner. He was much engaged in what is called *self-examination* ; that is, in looking over his past actions and life, and into his character and heart. And the more he looked, the more he detected the evil that was in them.

He saw that his good actions had not been done from good motives. He remembered the sins of his youth. He felt that he had more to answer for than others, on account of his religious education. He was alarmed at the demands of the law, which he had broken, and perceived that nothing but perfect obedience could satisfy it. God appeared to him as a God of infinite holiness, who could not take pleasure in sin. He was much employed in confessing his sins, and bewailing the weakness of his nature. In these troubles, he opened his mind very freely to Mr. Brooks.

“I am glad,” said Frank, one day, “that Christ spoke the parable about the Publican and the Pharisee. No prayer in the Bible suits my case so well as this, *God be merciful to me a sinner!*”

*Brooks.* Yes, the Bible is the sinner’s own book. It is made for sinners ; just as medicine is made for those who are diseased. “They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” Take your Bible,



Frank, and put a mark in each of the following places: you will find them good to be recommended to persons in a thoughtful state of mind. (The places were, Job xlii. 1—6; Psalm xiii., xxxviii.; PSALM FIFTY-FIRST; Psalm lxix.; Isaiah i., lv., liii.; Luke xv, 1 Tim. i. 15.\*)

*Frank.* I will carefully observe them. Sometimes I fear I am not enough in earnest; but one thing I am certain of, Mr. Brooks, the burden of my sins grows heavier and heavier.

*Brooks.* So did Christian's, in the Pilgrim's Progress. You have read Bunyan?

*Frank.* Yes; some time ago, but I must read it again; for now I better understand what it means. It seems to me, as if I were still in the Slough of Despond.

*Brooks.* Do not forget what Christian did; "still he endeavoured (Bunyan says) to struggle to that side of the slough that was farthest

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\* The reader is earnestly desired to look out these passages, and to impress them on his memory.

from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate." Whatever you do, do not go back.

*Frank.* I hope not ! But I do not seem to go forward. At first, I saw a few sins, but now they seem like the stars of heaven. That voice is always in my ears, *Fly from the wrath to come !*

While Frank was thus exercised in mind, Mr. Brooks took him to a little meeting of Christians, which assembled weekly at the house of a poor but excellent man, whose name was Grove. Mr. Grove had been a truly active servant of Christ, but was now laid up with a painful lameness. It was therefore an act of kindness for his friends to meet at his house, and the little company always felt repaid for coming.

Frank had not before seen much of that intimate fellowship which exists among believers. He was struck with the warmth and freedom of their intercourse. They came together as brethren ; they conversed on the most cheering of all subjects ; they sung

God's praises ; and they kneeled together in prayer.

“ O how sad it is,” thought Frank, “ that all here should be able to rejoice in God, except me ! I wonder why I was brought here !—I am like an Achan in the camp.”

Presently the conversation turned on conviction of sin, and one or two of those present gave some account of their own early exercises. Frank was interested to find, that the feelings which he had supposed to be peculiar to himself, had been shared by all these friends. And he was much struck with a remark of old Mr. Grove, which was this :

“ No man can derive solid joy from looking into his own unrenewed heart. For what can he see there but sin ?—and sin is his greatest evil. Must he not, then, look out of himself ? He must. And whither can he look, but to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world ?”

That night was a night to be remembered

by Frank Harper ; for it was one of fear and weeping. Often did he endeavour to look at the word of promise, but his sins seemed to rise over his head like billows, and obstruct the sight.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LETTER I.

*To Mrs. Abigail Harper.*

New York, April —, 1845.

DEAR MOTHER,—I hope you will not be frightened, when I tell you that I am sitting up in bed to write to you : and if the writing is not very good, you will please to remember, that I have my left arm bandaged up. But first of all, be sure to take notice, that I am doing very well ; and Doctor Smith says that no permanent evil will result from it. But I forget that you have not yet heard any of the particulars. Last Friday week, I was coming up Exchange Place, which is a very

narrow street, as well as quite steep, along with a young man named Brooks, who boards with us. All at once, I saw a small wagon coming furiously in the opposite direction, with a young woman in it. The horse was running away, and the driver had been thrown out. I never thought a moment, but dashed into the street, and tried to stop the horse by throwing up my hands. I then seized the bridle, which broke in my hands, and I was thrown under the wheel. The check given to the horse made it more easy to stop him, at the next corner; so the young woman escaped. But when I got up I found that my arm was broken. Mr. Brooks took me safely home, and a surgeon was sent for, who set the bone, and put the limb in a splint. I have suffered a good deal of pain, but I think I have not grumbled. It is a mercy that my life has been spared.

My dear mother,—I have thought much of what I talked with you about, when I was at home. Nobody knows how much it has

been on my mind since I have been lying on this bed. It is wonderful to me, that I should have spent so many years in thoughtlessness, especially when I consider all the instructions I have received from you and my father. I have had a long conversation with Mr. Halsted, the minister, which has only served to open my eyes to my sinfulness. O pray for me, my dear mother, that I may become a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I intend to write also, by the same hand, to my father, so I will now subscribe myself  
your affectionate son,

F. HARPER.

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## LETTER II.

*To Mr. Isaac Harper, Coventry.*

New York, April 15, 1845.

DEAR FATHER,—You will learn from my letter to mother what has befallen me. It is rather tiresome lying in bed, but I now begin

to have more freedom. Mr. Boggs has been to see me, and Mr. Wickes, the book-keeper, comes in every day. But no one has been so kind to me as a Mr. Brooks, a very good young man, who was with me at the time I was hurt. He gives me good advice, and helps me in every way. Since I came to know him, I have not been so lonesome. If I had not got into the company of real Christians, I might have been a poor solitary fellow to this day ; or else I might have gone into bad places, which would have been a great deal worse. There are gentlemen who go about distributing tracts, all over town, and one of them has been very kind to me, since I have been laid up. I wish you would present my respects to Mr. Miller, and say that his letter to Mr. Halsted has been of great service to me.

I am, dear father, your dutiful and affectionate son,

F. HARPER



## LETTER III.

*To Miss Mary Harper.*

New York, April 16, 1845.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY,—I never wrote so many letters in my life as since I have had my arm crippled; which makes me glad it is not my right one. I dare say you and Anne will have a good cry about it; but you need not, for it is all over, and I am getting well. Besides, these things are not half so bad as they are supposed to be. Did you not find this true, when Dr. Rose pulled your tooth? You will find it so all your life. Mr. Brooks has been putting a curtain to my window (I have but one) to keep out the sun. I wish you could see the sewing! He calls it *bachelor-stitch*. Give my love to my cousins Phœbe and Jane, and little Patty. Tell George he need not be so eager to come to New York, for he will soon get used to the sights, and then he will wish

he was in the country again. Particularly if he should happen to be sick. Mr. Brooks has a book of poetry which says, "God made the country, and man made the town;" and I have found out that it is true. But we must be contented with our lot. My dear Mary, be obedient to your parents, and mind all they say about religion. Now that I am away from them, I feel very sorry for my negligence when I was at home. Write to me, and remember your affectionate brother

F. HARPER.

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LETTER IV.

*To Miss Anne Harper.*

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER ANNE,—How I wish I had you by me! You could conquer me now, for I am deprived of one arm. You have heard how it was. I thought I could stop the horse with ease, for he did not look much more spirited than our Roan; and after he stopped, he looked as sober as

could be. But he was dashing down hill, and I was not as strong as I fancied.

- suppose you have many signs of spring in the country. Here I do not hear any birds except cage-birds. There are many of these. A man in John Street, named Grieve, has the most wonderful collections of birds. Sometimes you may see a hundred together. His parrots used to converse with me every day, as I went to the store. Tell Jonathan, that if he would send some of his pheasants to market, he would get a good price for them. And if you and Mary would get him to set you out a strawberry-bed of your own, it might do a good deal towards supporting you.

Good-bye, dear Anne; I am ever your affectionate brother,

F. HARPER.

## LETTER V.

*To Mr. Theodore Free.*

MY DEAR TEACHER,—I have been writing to all my relations at home, and now I feel a wish to fulfil my promise to you. Often do I think of the good advice you used to give me ; and much of it has been of use to me already. Your lessons in writing are likely to be very serviceable to me, just as you prophesied. Mr. Buncombe saw a bill which I copied, and said, “My boy, that is a clerkly hand, and fit for a Bank-ledger. That comes of the old-fashioned ciphering books !” Mr. Brooks says, that a first-rate hand is worth several hundred dollars to a young man in business.

I have forgotten some of my Geography ; but when our fine goods come in from France, it is pleasant to me to know the places. A gentleman was here the other day from Lyons, on the Rhone. Mr. Boggs has been there twice, and sends letters out there several times a year

Do you remember, sir, what you used to tell your boys about Arithmetic? “Boys, mind the FOUR RULES: they are the North, South, East, and West, of your compass:” or “Boys, mind the FOUR RULES; the corner-stones are *Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division.*” I am glad enough, that you kept us so long in Addition, when I see the enormous rows of dollars and cents which our clerks have to foot up. And how quickly they do it—like counting marbles! And how sure they are that the total is right—*without proving*. They say that old Mr. Smith, the rich man of Canandaigua, once took his son to the top of a hill, which overlooked his immense estate, and said to him: “Tom, do you want to know what made me the owner of all this? I will tell you in one word—ARITHMETIC.” One of Mr. Boggs’s sayings is, *Bad ciphering makes half the bankrupts.*

But you must not think that my mind is taken up with money-making; though it is the chief thing talked about here. Mr. Hal-

sted says there is a golden idol in Wall Street, as truly as ever there was in the plain of Dura.\* I hope I shall never forget your counsel about the things of another world. Sir, I should like to have more of them, in a letter ; for I have been thinking more of these things than I used to do. And, to tell you the truth, I am often very much discouraged. For all my endeavours to make myself better seem to be in vain ; and I can only cast my poor sinful soul at the feet of Infinite Mercy, saying, Lord help ! or I perish !

Please to accept of the half-ream of French paper, which John Brewer will take with the letters. It will be very pretty, for the verses which you write so beautifully, for rewards of merit.

I am, Dear Sir, your respectful and obliged pupil,

F. HARPER.

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\* Dan. iii. 1.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE PASTOR.

THE door of Frank's room opened, one day, and who should come in but good Mr. Halsted! He was a tall and dignified old gentleman, with silver hair, and a countenance expressive of benignity and happiness. Frank was a little embarrassed, for his room was not in very good order, and his dress was scarcely neat enough for company. But he had good sense enough to make the best of it, and to offer no apologies.

Mr. Halsted made some kind inquiries about Frank's accident, and commended his courage. He then went on to relate something of the same sort, which had once befallen himself, and told some anecdotes about his early life in the country, which pleased Frank so much that he soon felt quite

at his ease. The old gentleman came, by slow degrees, to speak of the most important of all subjects, and said to Frank, that he ought to consider this dispensation of Providence as a new call on him to consecrate himself entirely to the Lord, his Preserver. To this Frank modestly replied, that he had felt his obligation so to do. The conversation which then followed brought Mr. Halsted to understand the state of Frank's mind, as it has been described in the foregoing pages. He therefore proceeded, with great care and affection, to give him such advice as seemed to suit his young friend. I will record some parts of their conversation.

*Mr. H.* Your case, my young friend, is by no means uncommon ; I have had many under my care who were thus affected. You have been anxious and dissatisfied with yourself for some time. You have thought much of your sins ; they have seemed great to you. You have trembled for fear of God's judg-



ments. You see that there is no way of escape, except by mere mercy, and that you might be justly condemned. My dear boy this is what is called *conviction of sin*.

*Frank.* Yes, sir, you have described my case, but I have heard you say in your sermons that many persons are convinced who are never converted.

*Mr. H.* That is true enough. I do not wish to flatter you. I do not wish to persuade you that you are converted, when you are not. You are right, conviction is not conversion.

*Frank.* Oh! then, sir, what must I do to be saved?

*Mr. H.* I could answer that question at once, and in the words of Scripture: but, at present I wish to lead you to see what it is you need. You probably have endeavoured to reform your life?

*Frank.* Yes, sir, I have endeavoured: but it has only shown me my own sinful weakness.

*Mr. H.* How do you suppose a sinner is to be saved?

*Frank.* I suppose it to be by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

*Mr. H.* Have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ?

*Frank.* I fear, sir, I have not.

*Mr. H.* Can you expect to be safe, or to enjoy the peace of the gospel, before believing?

*Frank.* Sir, I had not thought of it just in that way. I know we must believe—but I have always thought that we must first have such and such feelings—must be greatly humbled—greatly distressed—and greatly alarmed: and I fear this work is not deep enough in me.

*Mr. H.* Your feeling, then, is, that you are not fit to come to Christ?

*Frank.* Exactly so.

*Mr. H.* And are you trying to fit yourself?

*Frank.* Yes—no—indeed, sir, I scarcely know how to answer.

*Mr. H.* But I will answer for you ; the case is a very common one—so common that I happen to have a book with me, which treats particularly of it. Here is a volume of Mr. Wesley's Journal: let me read you an extract——

*Frank.* But Wesley was a Methodist.

*Mr. H.* Yes, the founder of that society

*Frank.* And you are not a Methodist——

*Mr. H.* No, I am not. Neither am I about to quote from a Methodist. Mr. Wesley is here using the words of a Moravian, whose sermon he records. So you shall have the testimony of *three* religious persuasions, to what I am about to teach you. The words are these :

“But you will say, ‘Must I not grieve and mourn for my sins? Must I not humble myself before God? Is not this just and right? And must I not first do this, before I can expect God to be reconciled to me?’ I answer, it is just and right. You must be humbled before God. You must have a broken and con-

trite heart. But then observe, this is not your own work. Do you grieve that you are a sinner? This is the work of the Holy Ghost. Are you contrite? Are you humbled before God? Do you indeed mourn, and is your heart broken within you? All this worketh the self-same spirit.

“Observe again, this is not the foundation. It is not this by which you are justified. This is not the righteousness, this is no part of the righteousness, by which you are reconciled unto God. You grieve for your sins. You are deeply humble. Your heart is broken. Well; but all this is nothing to your justification. The remission of your sins is not owing to this case, either in whole or in part. Your humiliation and contrition have no influence on that. Nay, observe further, that it may hinder your justification; that is, if you build any thing upon it; if you think, ‘I must be *so or so* contrite. I must grieve *more* before I can be justified.’ To think you must be *more* contrite, *more* humble, *more* grieved.

*more* sensible of the weight of sin, before you can be justified, is to lay your contrition, your grief, your humiliation, for the foundation of your being justified: at least, for a part of the foundation.”\*

*Frank.* That is exactly what I have been doing, all along! I see my error. But O what am I to do!

*Mr. H.* Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

*Frank.* But oh! I am such a sinner.

*Mr. H.* “This man receiveth sinners.”

*Frank.* But may I come just as I am?

*Mr. H.* Certainly—unless you can first be saved from your sins, and then come.

*Frank.* But how do I know that I shall be received?

*Mr. H.* That is exactly what faith has to believe. God’s promise is all you have to go upon. Can you rest on God’s word?

*Frank.* O yes, sir!

*Mr. H.* Then hear it: “*Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that*

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\* Wesley’s Journal, date Aug. 8, 1738.

*hath no money ; come ye, buy ana eat ; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price.”\** “*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”†* “*And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.”‡* “*This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.”§*

*Frank.* There, sir ! I see there is no lack of promises ; and I begin to see the whole thing in a new light. I wonder I never saw it so before ! I have been trying to make myself better : I have been trying to be my own Saviour.

Mr. Halsted’s experience led him to observe, that the word of God was taking its proper effect on the mind of his young friend. He therefore brought the conversation to an end. They both kneeled in prayer ; and when the

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\* Isaiah lv. 1.  
† Rev. xxii. 17.

‡ Is. ii. 18.  
§ 1 Tim. i. 15.

pastor went away, he left a tract entitled *Poor Joseph*. After musing a little on what had been said, Frank took up the tract and read as follows :

“A poor unlearned man, named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands and carry parcels, passing through London streets one day, heard psalm-singing in a place of worship, and went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders. It was Dr. Calamy’s church, St. Mary’s, Aldermanbury. A very well dressed congregation surrounded the doctor. He read his text from 1 Tim. i. 15:—‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.’ From this he preached in the clearest manner, the ancient and apostolic gospel, the contents of this faithful saying, that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinners, only through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the God that made all things. Not many rich, not many noble, are called by this

doctrine, says the Apostle; 'but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty.'

"While the gay and thoughtless part of the congregation listlessly heard this glorious truth,—and, if they were struck with any thing, it was only with some fine expression or well-turned sentence that the doctor uttered—Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all that he said; and trudging homeward, he was heard thus speaking with himself: 'Joseph never heard this before; Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph; and this is true; and it is a "faithful saying."'

"Not long after this Joseph was seized with a fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, 'Joseph is the chief of sinners, but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves him for this.' His neighbours who came to see him wondered, on



nearing him always dwell on this, and only this. Some of the religious sort addressed him in the following manner: ‘But what say you of your own heart, Joseph? Is there no token of good about it? No saving change there? Have you closed with Christ, by acting faith upon him?’ ‘Ah no,’ says he, ‘Joseph can act nothing—Joseph has nothing to say for himself but that he is the chief of sinners; yet, seeing that it is a ‘faithful saying’ that Jesus, he who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, why may not Joseph, after all, be saved?’

“One man finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he dwelt so continually and with such delight, went and asked Dr. Calamy to come and visit him. He came; but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the doctor’s arrival, he took no notice of him; but when the doctor begun to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, he instantly sprang upon his elbows and seizing

him by his hands, exclaimed as loud as he could with his now feeble and trembling voice, ‘Oh, sir ! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus whom I heard speak so well of him. Joseph is the chief of sinners ; but it is a “faithful saying,” that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph ? Oh ! pray to that Jesus for me, pray that he may save me : tell him that Joseph thinks that he loves him, for coming into the world to save such sinners as Joseph.’

“The doctor prayed ; when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly ; he then put his hands under his pillow, and took out an old rag, in which were tied up five guineas, and putting it into the doctor’s hand, (which he had kept all this while close in his,) he thus addressed him : ‘Joseph, in his folly, had laid this up to keep him in his old age ; but Joseph will never see old age ; take it, and divide it amongst the poor friends of the Lord Jesus ; and tell them that Joseph gave it to

them for His sake who came into the world to 'save sinners, of whom I am chief.' So saying he reclined his head. His exertions in talking had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired."

The narrative was new to Frank, and made a deep impression on his mind. He thought of little else, during the remainder of the day. Poor Joseph had taught him the great lesson of looking away from himself to the Lord Jesus Christ ; and when he fell asleep that night, (as he afterwards said,) he seemed to have forgotten that there was such a being in existence as himself: so fully was he absorbed in contemplating the excellency and grace of the Redeemer.

## CHAPTER XV.

## A REMARKABLE CHANGE.

It was a trial of patience to Frank, to be kept so long in his room, and it is probably wearisome to the reader to hear so much about it. We shall therefore hasten to the time when he was able to return to his business.

The month was May, and the season was delightful. How refreshing is it to the invalid, after long confinement, to breathe the balmy air of spring! Frank felt this, as he walked with his faithful friend upon the Battery. The trees were putting forth their early leaves. A gentle breeze just ruffled the surface of the spacious bay, which was ploughed in every direction by vessels of every size. Numbers of small sail-boats shot along, skimming the waters as if they had been alive. At intervals,

the whiz of a steamboat, as it speeded by, broke in upon the stillness. The ship of the line, (the North Carolina,) was lying in the stream, a noble object, looking as if it were almost irresistible. There was also an Italian vessel at anchor, dressed with gay flags and streamers, on every mast and yard, in honour of the birth-day of the king of Naples. Other objects added to the interest of the scene. On this side stretch the masses of building of the city, with wharfs and a forest of masts. Yonder is Governor's Island, with its green slopes and fortifications, from which the roll of the drum may be heard. Further in the distance are the hills of Jersey, and the bold shore of Staten Island, sparkling with villas; and then, far away, the opening to the Atlantic, which is known as the Narrows. A soft sunshine played on the whole, and the multitude of sounds, on the water and the land, mingled into a pleasing murmur.

Sometimes sitting and sometimes walking, the two friends talked of the objects around

them but gradually came round to that which was most dear to them both.

“I do not know how it is,” said Frank, “but I never enjoyed these sights so much before: often as I have been here. Every thing has a new appearance. The air is more sweet and refreshing, and I feel as if I loved all that I see.”

Brooks looked kindly on the placid face of his young companion, but said nothing.

“Is it right to feel so happy?” continued Frank: “every thing within me seems quiet, like that smooth water of the bay. It is very peaceful and very delightful; but is it right?”

“It is certainly not wrong,” replied Brooks, to feel peaceful and happy. There is a peace of God that passes all understanding. The fruit of the Spirit is *peace*.’ If you have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, all is well. Let me ask you a question—How do you feel towards God?”

Frank hesitated a little, as if afraid to answer so important a question hastily, and then

said, with a low voice: "I think I love God. I see him in every thing. Every thing seems dearer to me because he made it, and because he is present with it. Formerly I did not think much about God; now he appears always near; and it is pleasant and easy to pray within myself."

"How do you feel towards the Lord Jesus Christ?" inquired Brooks.

Frank's cheek reddened, and his eyes filled with tears; but a smile played upon his lips. "Oh I cannot tell you! He has died for me! I think he has saved my soul. I am filled with shame and sorrow for the way in which I have treated him. But if he will allow me, I desire to throw myself at his feet and give myself away to him, for ever and ever."

"Then I suppose, Frank, you think yourself a great deal better than you once were—"

"Do not speak of it! I see my own weakness and vileness more than ever. I see my need of the fountain that is opened for sin and transgression. I cannot compare myself to

any thing but a poor, weak, little child: God must hold me up with his hand; I cannot go alone."

"How then," said Brooks, "do you expect ever to be saved? If you have no strength, and no righteousness of your own, how can you satisfy God's holy law?"

"Christ has satisfied the law for me. He has died on the cross, and borne my sins in his own body on the tree. He has brought in an everlasting righteousness. He is able and willing to save the chief of sinners."

"Do you believe this, Frank?"

"How can I help believing it! The promise of the gospel is plain—very plain. It shines like a bright light. If I do not believe it, I must disbelieve God."

"But, Frank, every one does not believe it; *you* did not always believe it. What great things have you done, to make you so much better than others?"

Frank looked steadily in his face, with an air of surprise, and answered quickly,



“I have done no great thing—I am no better than others ; but I think—I believe—that God has shown me mercy, and has sent his Holy Spirit, to make me see my sins, and to make me see the willingness of Christ to save me.”

“How do you feel towards sin ? You believe that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. Does this make you ready to sin more, because you know where pardon may be found ?”

“Oh no ! no ! that would be like crucifying the Lord again. It was sin that put him to death. He is our Saviour from sin. It seems to me that the more I look at the cross, the more hateful does sin become.”

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Brooks, “I am really thankful that you have been thus wrought upon. Now, observe—I do not tell you that you are certainly born again. I never venture on this. God only can read the heart. But one thing I am sure of ; the blessed Spirit has been moving on your soul ; and my hope is, that He is leading you along, in the way to his

kingdom. Now remember, you must not expect to be always joyful. Look yonder, at that vessel in the stream, which has weighed anchor and is just getting under sail. She is about to leave the harbour. All is placid and gay, and the skies and sea look as if they could never be clouded or disturbed. But she will meet with head winds, and perhaps with storms. So it is with the young Christian. You cannot trust in God too much, nor rejoice in God too much; but remember, you must be prepared for head winds and stormy weather."

My young reader, if you have a pious and judicious adviser, bless God for it: and if you have not such a one, seek him earnestly, and without delay. Ask his counsel. Delight in his company. With God's blessing it will keep you from the evils of a great city, and be of more value to you than any promotion, or than thousands of gold and silver.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## YOUTHFUL ACTIVITY.

I HAVE said much about the evils of a great city, and some may be ready to think that cities have nothing in them but evil. This, however, is far from the truth. As there are many temptations and vices, so there are many opportunities of doing and receiving good. We have known no Christians more useful than some who live in these very places.\* In great towns, and other crowded populations, there is a wide field for the exertions of believers; and young persons in particular

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\* If the reader would see a most impressive and interesting illustration of this, let him read "The Useful Christian; or, the Life of Thomas Cranfield," published by the American Sunday-school Union.

are very active in this work. There are thousands engaged thus, among the poor, the ignorant and the vicious. Many of these zealous labourers are busily employed every hour of daylight, during the week ; but it is delightful to observe how many ways they contrive to redeem time for good works, in the evenings and on the Sabbath. Let us pray for a blessing on their teaching, their visits of mercy, their search after neglected and vicious children, their distribution of Bibles and other books, and upon all their labours of love.

After the prayer-meeting on the second Monday of the month, the teachers used to talk over their plans and operations. Frank had been invited to remain, because he had been raised to the post of assistant-librarian in his school. There was a talk among the young men about a new school, in a very wicked and destitute neighbourhood. The great difficulty was the want of teachers. It was generally agreed that Mr. Brooks should undertake the manage

ment of the new school; and he expressed his desire to take Frank along, as one of his teachers. This was somewhat startling to Frank, but his desire of usefulness had received a new impulse of late, and he consented, though with fear and trembling. We must now accompany him in some of his recruiting operations.

The true way of founding a new Sunday-school is, not to wait for scholars to come, but to go after them. If this principle were more generally acted upon, we should have more schools and better ones.

Mr. Brooks and Frank took one of their vacant afternoons for this service. The street which they first visited was dark and dismal. But it was filled with houses, and these contained a numerous population. Some dwellings had a dozen families in each. There was no lack of ragged, dirty, noisy children, playing before the doors, in the gutters, and among the very horses' heels. At every few steps

there was a grocery, which was at the same time a grog-shop. Bloated, drunken men were seen in these. Other houses were occupied as shops for old clothes, and old iron, or as pawnbroker's dens and exchange-offices.

Let us go into that tall wooden house. It is very old. The front window is filled with bottles, lemons, cheese, sausages, and the like. The passage is obstructed by two washing-tubs, at which two foreign women are employed, talking very loudly. But we must go up. The stairway is much worn, and broken in several places. A sneaking dog is gnawing a bone on the landing-place. Through the open doors of the second story several families may be observed. Two children, tied in chairs, are crying vehemently, while their mothers seem to be assorting old rags; and two girls have just come in, with baskets of broken victuals under their tattered shawls.

But we must ascend higher. The third

story has four chambers. Mr. Brooks knocks at a door, and is invited in. It is a poor apartment, with only a few pieces of furniture. Some wretched prints in frames are over the chimney-place. Near the window, two middle-aged women are sitting at their work. Three boys are playing some game under one of the tables.

“Good-day, Mrs. Bragg,” said Mr. Brooks ; “I do not mean to take up your time. I have come to see how many of your boys you will send to our Sunday-school.”

“Oh, sir, you are very kind, but my boys won’t go to any sort of school ; and on Sunday, they would rather be in the streets.”

“Bad, indeed,” said Mr. Brooks ; “but have you no wish that they should learn something? You know this way they are in is the way to destruction.”

“I know it—I know it—it is just what I am saying to Bragg every day. But what can I do? The boys do not mind a word I

say ; they think they are their own masters."

Here Tom and Bill gave a sort of chuckle, and came out from under the table, and gazed impudently at the visitors.

"Come here," said Mr. Brooks, "here is a card with a very nice picture on it."

"Is it a song?" said Tom.

"No, it is a picture of a Sunday-school. Read those words, under the print."

Tom scratched his frizzled locks, and said, "I don't know how to read."

"Not know how to read ! Oh, that is a pity indeed. You are not half a man, if you cannot read. Now, would you not like to learn ! Take this card—here is another—and another. They have the number of the house where the school is to be. Come next Sunday ; you will be pleased, and will hear some fine singing."

The boys looked at the cards, as if they would gladly have said something pert if they had known how. Mr. Brooks endeavoured to



get a promise from Mrs. Bragg that she would send them. He gave a couple of tracts to her and Mrs. Wilcox, and took leave.

In the next room was a French boot-leg-crimper ; a tradesman not known in the country. He was at work with a paper cap on his head, and spectacles on his nose ; and was very merrily singing over his work. He had no children, and would receive no books.

The next room was close and overheated. A poor child was lying ill with the measles. The mother was from Connecticut, and had once been better off ; but she had a drunken husband, and misery had made her almost stupid. Yet when Frank gave her the "Dairy man's Daughter," and joined with Mr. Brooks in singing a hymn which she had heard in her infancy, she wept, and said that her little girl, who was now abroad picking up shavings, should go to the school.

As they reached the street, Mr. Brooks said : "This is not pleasant work, but it is

the only way in which the misery of the poor can be reached. We must take it as Putnam did the wolf. *We must go into the den !* This is the way also to gather scholars. I could tell you of wonderful changes wrought by religion in just such places as these."

The next house which they visited contained several families. One of them was that of a pious Scotchman, who was a plumber. He was laid up with a sprained ankle. Frank was struck with the neatness and cleanliness of the small room. There was a little pile of old books on the bureau, and the children were already connected with the Sunday-school. M<sup>r</sup> Poor was glad to hear, however, that a new one was to be established so near to them. The remainder of this house was occupied chiefly by Germans.

It would be tedious to recount all these visits. They occupied a number of afternoons, in successive weeks. Frank learned much of the habits of the people whom he sought to

benefit. Besides the gathering of scholars, these circuits opened the way for doing good. They gave tracts and Bibles. They induced several to attend public worship. They discovered cases of suffering, which were made known to benevolent individuals: and they carried comfort and instruction to several in firm, aged and dying persons.

Frank was modest. He went rather as a learner than a teacher. In the few instances where he made visits alone, he sought to convey instruction by a tract or book, or by reading a chapter in the Bible. But he was making a good beginning in a great work, which cannot well have too many labourers. His heart rejoiced to have any means of honouring his Master; and often was he rewarded by appearance of success.

The character of a young disciple is so soon formed for life, that it is all-important to engage in active labour from the very first. The opportunities afforded for this by the

Sunday-school are very numerous, especially in cities. Therefore the sooner every capable youth is enlisted in this service the better for the community, and the better for his own soul.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

LONG before the point of time at which we have arrived, Frank had lost all traces of homesickness and discontent. The novelty of a town life had worn off; but he had in the same degree become familiar with his business, and with the ways of a commercial city. He was so industrious and punctual, so neat and quick-handed, so good at copying and accounts, and so true and trusty, that his employers were every day putting into his hands little pieces of business, which had hitherto been committed to the elder clerks. Thus it is, that faithfulness in one's calling leads to a good name and to promotion.

How different it was with his early town-

acquaintances, Ned and Joe! In reading a morning paper, one day, Frank's eye alighted on the following paragraph, in the Police Report:—

“GRAND LARCENY. Captain Wills and constable Milton, of the sixth ward, arrested yesterday at the house of Jane Moggs, corner of Dey and Threadneedle streets, a young fellow, named *Joseph Denton*, on a charge of robbing a Mr. Louis Dampier, while at the island of Port-au Prince, of four bills of the Bank of France, for 1000 francs each, with a promissory note, drawn by a Mr. Choux of Paris, made payable at the order of Dampier. On searching his person and trunks, Denton was found in possession of all the money, except about \$150 expended in the purchase of clothing, and a gold watch, which he had bought with the stolen money.”

Some months after this, Frank was looking at a ragged corps of new recruits marching near the arsenal, when he was astonished to recognise among them his old chamber-fellow, Ned Briggs. He had all the signs of a drunkard and a villain; and Frank turned away with a heavy heart, and with an inward prayer for God's mercy on the wretched prodigal.

But though Frank was contented, he was not altogether free from anxiety. He began

to perceive that something was wrong in the house with which he was connected. Several of the young men were discharged. A great sadness hung over the two principals. They were crowded upon by numerous creditors, and spent much of their time in running to friends, and writing to correspondents, to obtain accommodations, "extensions," and other reliefs. At length, one morning, before he left his lodgings, Frank received a note, by the hands of old Cato, informing him that Messrs. Boggs and Buncombe had no further need of his services. In a word, their store had been closed by the creditors. It is a frequent but a distressing event, in a commercial city.

Frank was thus, all on a sudden, deprived of employment. He was the more embarrassed, because his friend, Mr. Brooks, had been several weeks absent, on a tour through the Southern and Western States, preparatory to going into business for himself. After musing sadly over the case, he saw no way open for

him, but to pack up the little red trunk, and return to his father's house. Perhaps Providence, which had befriended him thus far, would open some path of usefulness. At any rate, he should see his honoured parents, and his dear sisters; and perhaps he might take another quarter in good Mr. Tree's school to perfect himself in Geography, History, Natural Philosophy and Double Entry.

“How shall I spend the day?” thought Frank. “I cannot get off till to-morrow. I think I will take a look at the shipping on the East River, and examine the Dry Dock.”

As he walked slowly up Chatham Street, he saw much to fix his attention and awaken thought. It is a region of pawnbrokers and old clothes-sellers. Many of these are Jews. The national physiognomy struck him at once. They were almost like brothers. He observed that they stayed as little as possible in their



dark shops, and spent most of the time pacing up and down the space before their doors : it is a custom which they have brought with them from abroad. Thus it is that they may be observed in Frankfort, in Amsterdam, and in Posen. Most of them were smoking and talking German. Frank remembered Mr. Grove's having told him that there were fifteen thousand Jews in New York, and that they have nine synagogues. He called to mind, that they are the seed of Abraham, and resolved to read over the *tenth* and *eleventh* chapters of Romans, on his return.

Among the numerous carriages which passed him, he observed here and there an omnibus, bearing a little flag, by way of advertisement, concerning a great ship launch, near the foot of Stanton street. He remembered that one of the Sabbath-school visitors was in the employ of Messrs. Brown and Bell, the great ship-builders. It is a rational curiosity which leads a young man to seek such sights. Frank

threw himself into one of the Dry Dock omnibuses, and alighted in Lewis street.

Crowds were pressing towards the ship-yard. As he turned a corner, near the water, he was startled at finding himself in full view of the noble vessel, and he was immediately under her bows. Often as he had seen ships on the river, where their hulls are chiefly below the surface, he had never formed a just idea of the magnitude of the structure. A fine full length statue of Washington, by Dodge, formed the figure-head. Passing round into the ship-yard, he found himself among a multitude, gathered to witness the launch of the largest packet-ship ever built in America. It was indeed what is called a three-decker, of fifteen hundred tons, and in length of deck measuring one hundred and eighty-eight feet. The masts, of course, were not complete, but the length of the main-mast was to be one hundred and ninety-five feet. Frank took notice that the bottom was not coppered. he

afterwards learned that it is common to make the first voyage and return without coppering. Crowds were still pressing up the long gangways and clambering over the bows.

Frank's position was near the stern, and not far from the water. The sound of a multitude of workmen was heard chipping away the blocks under the keel, and removing various supports. At length these noises grew less—the last retaining shores were removed—then the *dog-shore* was touched—it was a moment of indescribable suspense—and the mighty mass glided majestically into the water. Frank's excitement was extreme : he scarcely knew that his hat was in the air, or that he was mingling his shout with that of the multitude. He felt a choking sensation, and when a cannon just behind him opened its brazen throat, he was relieved by the reverberation, which seemed to give voice to his pent-up thoughts. The vessel went far into the river, and moved with the tide some distance up

stream, but was soon towed back to the dock by a small steamboat.

All American youths may well take an interest in these triumphs of the arts of peace. The day is coming when our only ships shall be *vessels of peace*. Let us pray, that they may carry the gospel to all nations !

After the launch, Frank found his Sunday-school acquaintance, Mr. Thomas, and made an arrangement for the little class which he was now reluctantly called to leave. On his way home, he stopped at the doors of several of his friends, and in particular at that of Mr. Halsted, his pastor.

The good old gentleman was busy, as usual ; but he received his young friend with parental kindness, and gave him some timely advice. “ You are perhaps about to leave New York for good and all ; but let us leave that to Providence. The Lord often surprises his children by most unexpected light and help. These the world calls ‘ turns of

tane :’ but I call them ‘turns of Providence.’ Let me give you a motto for your journey—for your year—and for your life—here it is, on a card :

WE ARE THE LORD’S.\*

Give yourself, your all, to the Lord ; and he will take care of you. My son, remember this for life ! *Commit thy way unto the Lord—trust also in Him—and He will bring it to pass.—Acknowledge the Lord in all thy ways, and He will direct thy paths.”*

Mr. Halsted then gave Frank a little volume, entitled *Life in Earnest*,† saying, “Read it—read it many times—pray over it—practise it—it is worth its weight in gold.” And then the old gentleman raised his hands, and gave Frank his blessing.

Frank had a feeling of satisfaction, in expecting to meet his beloved friends ; yet it

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\* Rom. xiv 8.

† A publication of the American Sunday-school Union.

must be confessed there was some sadness in leaving New York. It was now his home. It was the place of his employment, and where he had expected to spend his life. It was, above all, the place where he had received his first right views of religion. Here was his pastor; here were his Christian friends; here was his Sabbath-school, and his class of poor little boys. Let us forgive him, if he shed a few secret tears.

It now remained for him to settle his week's bill with the landlady; give directions for the sending of his Sunday-school Journal; shake hands with his fellow-clerks and fellow-teachers; and then he should be ready for the railroad, in the morning.

As Frank sat in his little attic room, late that night, his reflections were serious. "This chamber (thought he) is no great things;—but it has been a happy—happy room to me! On that bed—I first learned the way to Christ. By its side how often—how often have I

prayed to God! By that old table—soon to be another's—I have read this blessed Bible many an hour. Thank God for all this!

“The months I have passed here have been favoured months. How raw and inexperienced was I! How surrounded by evil! How wonderful the grace, which has made me to differ from my evil companions! The same God who led poor wandering Jacob, from Bethel, has surely been leading me. What can I do for him!”

This led him to turn to his Bible and read over the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis. The closing verses came home to his feelings:

*“And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God. And this stone, which I have set up for*

*a pillar, shall be God's house : and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tent unto thee."*





## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CONCLUSION.

THE ways of Providence are wonderful, and he who observes them will find it true, even in the days of his youth. Frank had risen early in the morning, and was soon on his way to the ferry. His emotions were of a mingled nature: sadness at leaving his place of employment—joyful hope of rejoining the circle at home. He suddenly thought of stopping at the Post-office, and there he found a letter addressed to him by his friend, Mr. Brooks. On breaking the seal, he was at once thrown into a flutter. It informed him that Mr. Brooks was about to open a store in Fulton street, and the letter went on to say: “I have engaged the services of a young cousin of mine, for my little business; but you know I shall

need a clerk and salesman ; and I know no one, my dear Frank, whom I would rather have near me, than yourself. If, therefore, you can consent to cast in your lot with mine, how delightful it will be ! For the present, the utmost I can afford you is a hundred and fifty dollars a year ; but this is rather more than you have been receiving from Boggs and Buncombe. Direct to me at Louisville, and let me know your determination.”

Frank scarcely knew which way to turn. His first thought was to go back to his lodgings : but, on consideration, he determined to carry out his previous intention of visiting his parents ; especially as it would be some weeks before he should have any business in town. His heart swelled with gratitude to God for this most seasonable interposition, and he went on his way with spirits which made the journey one of unexpected pleasure.

The arrival of Frank spread joy through the farm-house at Coventry. His father, who

was in the corn-field, saw him first, and left the plough, to welcome his only son. His mother was knitting by the kitchen fire : she scarcely believed her eyes, when the tall and handsome youth who entered proved to be her own Frank. Mary and Anne bounded in from the dairy, and threw their arms about his neck. Jonathan shook his hand with a vehemence which almost put his wrist out of joint ; and the old dog leaped as high as his head, and covered him with violent caresses.

Most of the day was given up to these domestic joys. There was much to be told, and more questions were asked than could be answered. Frank gave a detailed account of his recent history, interspersed with many new traits of city life. All agreed that he had been the special care of Providence. It was an unspeakable satisfaction to this affectionate brother, to observe indications of a renewed heart in both his sisters. This had been the constant burden of his prayers, and had oc-

cupied many of his weekly letters. He also found that he could comprehend and estimate the humble piety of his parents, in a manner altogether unknown to him before.

A week was spent in riding about to see his country friends. In these visits he paid his respects to his relations, his minister, and his teacher, Mr. Tree. With the last of these, he continued to have frequent and profitable interviews.

By the advice of his father, Frank determined to spend the few remaining weeks in such active exercise as might strengthen his system, after the confinement of the city. He therefore put on a suit of homespun, and turned in upon the work of the farm. The thoughts of his childhood came to him again, when, during this fine weather of early summer, he walked slowly after the plough, enjoying the fragrance of the fresh earth and the green corn ; or when he swung the scythe among the first cutting of the rich meadows. The

dewy mornings were sweet to him beyond expression, and he seemed to inhale vigour with every breath. And then, when work was over, how charming were the evenings, at the old porch, overgrown with honeysuckles and clustering roses, amidst the circle of those whom he most loved!

Thus rolled away five or six pleasant weeks, when, one afternoon, who should alight before Mr. Harper's door but Mr. Brooks. Frank was overjoyed to recognise his old friend, from whom he soon learned that he was ready to commence business, and that Frank was henceforth to be employed in his store, and to be an inmate of his family; for, among other arrangements of life, he had married a prudent and very lovely Christian lady.

The parents were much pleased with Frank's prospects.

"Don't thank me!" said Brooks—"you owe me no thanks at all. I am consulting my own pleasure and interest. I know Frank,

and he knows me; we shall go well in the traces together. We have been long enough at lodgings; it is time to have a house, however humble, where we may worship God, morning and evening, and where we may occasionally have a circle of Christian friends, for reading the word and for prayer——”

We need not follow our young friend into the further details of his history. His new connection was all that he could wish. Both he and his employer humbly endeavoured to serve God in their worldly calling, and God was pleased to smile on their business. Frank often compares his situation to that of a frail little vessel, which, after being tossed in storms, has come into a quiet haven.

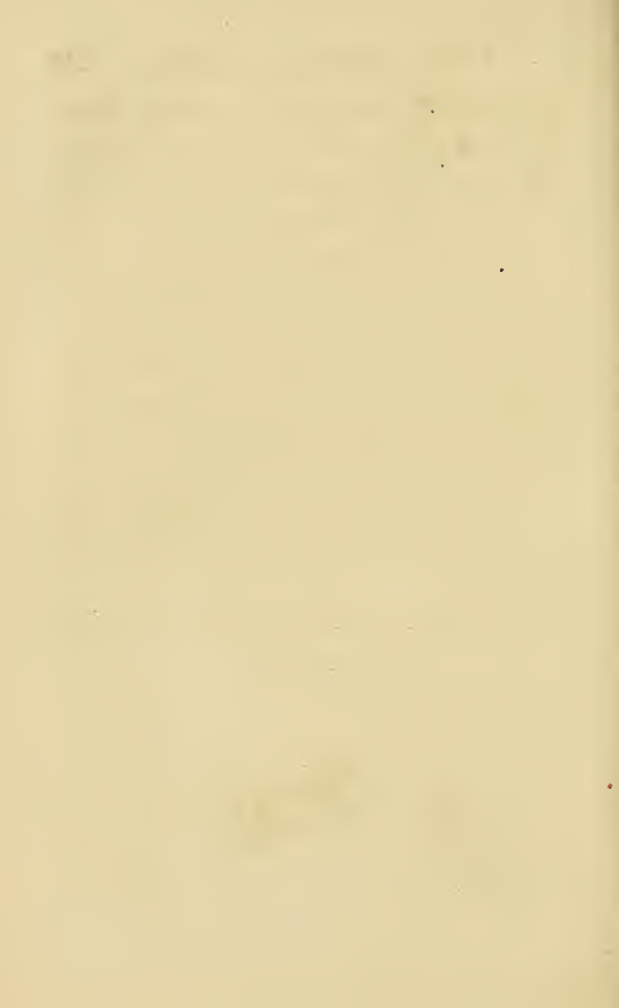
There is one lesson, which the author earnestly desires to impress on every reader. It is, that for a youth who comes from the country into a great city, the course of safety, usefulness, honour and happiness, is to join himself to persons of true piety, and to commit him-

self by faith to the guidance of God. There is no other protection. Hundreds of young men and boys make the experiment every year, and many of them are ruined for ever. Parents and guardians who send young persons into the city act an unrighteous and unfeeling part, when they use no precaution, in order to bring their children and others under right influences. Let the youthful reader know then, that “*a prudent man foreseeth evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished; and that “by humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honour and life.*”\*

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\* Prov. xxii. 3, 4.







# JANE SCOTT

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WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND  
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

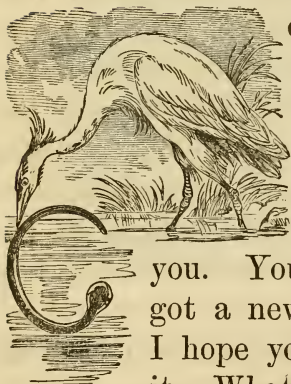
James Waddell Alexander

Philadelphia:  
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION  
1122 CHESTNUT ST.



## JANE SCOTT.

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COME here, my  
child, and  
read in a  
little book  
I have  
made for  
you. You have now  
got a new book, and  
I hope you will like  
it. What is more, it  
will do you good, if you think  
of what you read. Let me tell

you a story about Mr. Bell and Jane Scott.

Mr. Bell was a good man, who had a large farm in the state of Maine. He loved all good boys and girls, and tried to make the bad ones turn from their bad ways to love God. Once a week, he went all round the town to see who was sick, and to give the poor people such things as might do them good. You might have seen him with a tract in his hand, to give to some little boy or girl.

Among the children that he knows is Jane Scott. She is about eight years old, but she does not know much. She has

not been to school to learn, for she is very poor. Ought you not to thank the Lord that you have a Sunday-school to go to?



All the good things we have in the world are sent to us by the Lord.

Mr. Bell talked with Jane the other day, and I wish you to

know what it was they said. Look at the picture, and you will see Mr. Bell in his arm chair. He is now going to say something to Jane.

*Mr. Bell.* My dear child have you prayed to God this day ?

*Jane.* No, sir. I do not know any prayer, except "Now I lay me down to sleep."

*Mr. Bell.* Cannot you pray to the Lord unless you learn a prayer from somebody ?

*Jane.* No, sir. It would not be right to pray any thing that comes into my head: would it, sir ?

*Mr. Bell.* No, my child. You must say what is right in your prayers. You must say what

you think is true, and you must ask for what you really want. When you feel very hungry, what is it that you do ?

*Jane.* I go and ask my mother for some bread.

*Mr. Bell.* But suppose you do not wish to have any bread, do you ask your mother for bread then ?

*Jane.* O, no, sir. I ask for what I want.

*Mr. Bell.* You only ask for what you want, then, Jane ?

*Jane.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. Bell.* And unless you really want a thing, you never ask your mother for it ?

*Jane.* No, sir, indeed I do not.

It would be silly in me to beg for what I did not wish. But what strange questions you ask.

*Mr. Bell.* We were talking of prayer. Tell me what you mean by prayer. What is prayer?

*Jane.* Prayer, sir! Why, I think prayer is something good that we learn to say; and then we kneel down every morning and every night and say it.

*Mr. Bell.* But, my dear child, is this all you know about prayer? Suppose you go into a room and kneel down and say the first commandment; would that be a prayer?

*Jane.* No, sir; I suppose not.

*Mr. Bell.* Well, you see it is



not every thing good that we say that is a prayer. Let me tell you what prayer is. It is *asking*. To pray, is to ask. To pray to God, is to ask God for what we want. Whenever you ask God for anything, then you pray.

*Jane.* Why, sir ; then praying is almost the same as begging.

*Mr. Bell.* Just so. To pray, is to beg. When you want bread to eat, you beg your mother for it. Suppose you had no mother, and were alone in the woods, very hungry, and without any food near you ?

*Jane.* Then I would kneel down and ask the Lord to give me some bread.

*Mr. Bell.* That would be praying to God. If you said, *O Lord, give me some bread*, it would be a prayer. Because praying is asking. Every one that asks of God, prays to God. Now you would not need any one to teach you to ask God for bread, would you?

*Jane.* O, no, sir. If I was going to starve, I should know well enough how to ask.

*Mr. Bell.* Then when you really wish for any thing, you know how to pray for it?

*Jane.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. Bell.* What is the reason you do not pray to God to make you a good child?

*Jane.* I do not know, sir.

*Mr. Bell.* I will tell you. It is because you do not really want to be good. You said that when you really wanted any thing you knew how to pray for it. If you really wished to be a good, pious child, you would ask the Lord to make you so.

*Jane.* If I go and kneel down and say, *O Lord, Jesus, make me a good child*, would that be wrong?

*Mr. Bell.* No, my dear little girl. It will be right. And if you are in good earnest, the Lord will hear you. If you really wish to be a good child, the Lord will be pleased when you ask him.

But it is not real praying, if you are not in earnest. I will show you what I mean, by telling you a little story.

Once there was a man, who had a fine peach-tree in his garden. He had a little son, who was about six years old. One day, when the man was very busy in his shop, his little son came, and said, *O, father, come and get me a peach, for I wish to have one very much.* Then the man left his work, and came out, and went to the garden, and walked till he came to the peach-tree the little boy said, *Father I was only in fun; I do not want a peach at all.* Then his father

was displeased and said, You are a bad boy, for you have trifled with me, and what you said to me was not true.

*Jane.* The little boy was a bad boy.

*Mr. Bell.* Why so?

*Jane.* Because he told his father a lie.

*Mr. Bell.* What lie did he tell?

*Jane.* Why, sir, he told his father he wished to have a peach very much, when he did not wish to have one at all.

*Mr. Bell.* Now you see how people displease God when they pray without being in earnest. Some children kneel down, and say a prayer over, and never

think of what they are saying  
Is that being in earnest ?

*Jane.* No, Sir.

*Mr. Bell.* Some little children go to say their prayers, and then, while they are on their knees, they are all the time thinking about something else. This is displeasing to God.

*Jane.* Can God hear me, sir, if I go by myself, and pray in my mother's room ?

*Mr. Bell.* Yes, my dear child ; God hears you whenever you speak a single word. If you whisper it to yourself, God hears you. If you only think it in your mind, God knows it. He knows

it if you do not speak a word aloud.

*Jane.* What is the use of saying any thing then ? Will it not do as well for me to ask the Lord for what I want without saying any words ?

*Mr. Bell.* What do you mean, my child ?

*Jane.* I mean, sir, that if God knows every thing that I think in my mind, then I need not say any prayer with my lips. Cannot I just sit where I am, and pray to God in my mind ?

*Mr. Bell.* Good people often pray in that way. We can pray while we are at work, and while we are walking, and while we are

lying awake in bed. But then it is right to pray with words also. Whenever we go to any place, by our ourselves, to pray, we ought to forget every thing else. If you try to pray without saying any words aloud, you will perhaps forget what you are praying about. When you pray aloud, you will have to think of what you are asking.

*Jane.* I do not know what you mean, sir.

*Mr. Bell.* I will show you what I mean. Just try to think of all you have been doing to-day.—Now begin. Think over in your mind all the things you have done this morning.—I will wait



five minutes. Here is my watch  
When this long hand gets from  
this mark to that mark on the  
watch, it will be five minutes.  
Now begin.



When the five minutes were  
over, Mr. Bell said quickly, Stop !



Now what are you thinking about ?  
Have you thought of all you have  
been doing to-day ?

*Jane.* Oh dear ! sir. I did

begin, but I forgot, and just when you stopped me, I was thinking how very slow that little hand of the watch was moving along.

*Mr. Bell.* Now you see, my child, how hard it is to keep your thoughts from wandering. When your thoughts keep running away from what you want to be thinking about, that is what we call a *wandering of the thoughts*.

*Jane.* But would not my thoughts wander, if I was saying them all aloud?

*Mr. Bell.* Perhaps not so much. Let us try. Just begin to tell me all you have been doing to-day.

*Jane.* Well, sir, now I will try to tell you. First I went for the

cow ; and then I fed the ducks, and put water over the fire to boil the potatoes. Then I went to the doctor's to get some physic, and after I came home I ate my breakfast ; and after I had my breakfast, I sat down and peeled apples all the morning for mother to dry, for market——

*Mr. Bell.* That will do. Now you see that your mind did not wander so much. So it is when you pray aloud. The words you say help to make you think about the right thing. You need not speak very loud when you pray ; a whisper will do ; but most persons find it useful to say something which they can hear them-

selves. I do not mean to say that our prayers are not just as pleasing to God when they are not expressed in words, if they are really the desires of the heart.

*Jane.* Now I begin to know what you mean, sir. If you will teach me a prayer I will say it over every day. But I am afraid the Lord will not care for what such a bad little girl as I can say.

*Mr. Bell.* Do you think you are bad, Jane?

*Jane.* Yes, sir, indeed I do. I know I am bad. The Lord does not love bad children. How can I pray, when I am so wicked? Will the Lord give me what I ask him for?

*Mr. Bell.* I am glad you begin to feel that you are a sinner. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He died on the cross to keep sinners from going to hell. He is the Son of God. He made you, and me, and every thing in the world. After he had died to save sinners, he was buried. Then he rose from the dead, and went up again to heaven.

*Jane.* Is he in heaven now, sir?

*Mr. Bell.* Yes, my child. Jesus is in heaven now. He loves sinners now, as much as when he died for them. He looks down and sees every thing we do.

He listens and hears every thing we say. He takes notice of all our poor prayers. If we ask any thing in good earnest, we must always remember that Jesus must help us to ask.

*Jane.* Oh, what a good Saviour! Does he pray for us?

*Mr. Bell.* Yes. If Christ does not pray for us, all our prayers are of no use. While we are praying, Christ is praying for us to our Father in heaven.

*Jane.* I am sure then that our Father in heaven will do what the Lord Jesus asks him to do for us.

*Mr. Bell.* Yes, my child, God

always hears him, and does what he asks. We are so foolish and bad, we do not know what to pray for, or how to pray, but the dear Saviour prays for us. He takes our poor prayers, and gives them to God the Father. The Father loves the Son, and for his sake, hears what we say. Let me tell you a little story.

Once there was a little girl, about as big as you are. She was walking in the garden to see the flowers. When she saw the roses, and the pinks, and the hyacinths, and the violets, she was much pleased. Then she thought, I should like to make my dear father a pretty nosegay. So she

plucked a great many flowers which she thought the prettiest. But she also plucked a good many weeds too. The red and blue flowers of the weeds seemed very pretty to her, and she put them along with the roses and pink.



When she came into the house,



she ran to her elder brother, and said, "brother, see, here is a pretty nosegay: I wish you would take it to father, and tell him that his little Mary sent it to him." "Yes, I will, my dear," said her brother, "but first I will take out these ugly weeds, and I will fix these flowers better, and I will get some other flowers which are prettier, and then I will give it to your father. He will like you better for this." He did so, and little Mary's father was much pleased.

Now, Jane, said Mr. Bell, do you know what I mean by this story?

*Jane.* I think I do, a little. If

I pray to God, I am like little Mary offering flowers to her father; and I ought to have some one to show me how. Is that what you mean, sir?

*Mr. Bell.* In part it is. When we pray to God, we honour him. He is pleased with prayers which his children offer. Every good child ought to offer the best prayers he can. But, after all, the best prayers we offer, are not as good as they should be. They have much in them that is said amiss, like Mary's nosegay, which had weeds in it. We are so wicked that God is displeased with us; the Lord Jesus Christ

pleads for us, and speaks in our favour; for he is the friend of every one who believes on him.

*Jane.* Can a bad person have a prayer answered?

*Mr. Bell.* We are all bad persons, by nature and by practice. We are children of wrath, and we go astray, from our birth. The Bible says there is not a just man on earth that doeth good, and sinneth not. Our sins would cause us all to be sent to hell, if God should not pardon them.

*Jane.* Then I am afraid nobody can pray a prayer that is worth any thing.

*Mr. Bell.* That is true. Our

prayers are not worth any thing. They deserve nothing. God might be angry with us because of them. There is no merit in hem. And this is the reason why we need a friend in heaven. Try, now, to think why we need a friend in heaven ?

*Jane.* We need a friend in heaven, to plead for us and to ask God the Father to love us.

*Mr. Bell.* Exactly so. Christ is our friend in heaven. He is so much our friend, that he died for us. If any one was to die to save your life, would you not be sure he was your friend ?

*Jane.* Yes, sir. I should think he loved me very much.

*Mr. Bell.* Christ loves sinners so much, that whenever they are willing to trust in him, then he pleads for them, and says to his Father, *Father forgive them* When they pray, Christ intercedes for them.

*Jane.* What is the meaning of intercede ?

*Mr. Bell.* It is just what you said yourself. It is the same as pleading for them. To *intercede* for you, is to *take your part*. Christ intercedes, because he takes the believer's part, or speaks for him. That is, Christ is our *Intercessor*.

*Jane.* Then our heavenly Fa-

ther hears us just because his Son takes our part ?

*Mr. Bell.* True. Our heavenly Father hears our prayers because Jesus Christ prays for us. He loves the Lord Jesus Christ. He hears us for the sake of his Son. God is well pleased with his beloved Son, and for his sake is well pleased with all who believe in his Son.

*Jane.* Oh, sir ; will it be right for me to say to the Lord, *Lord, I am a poor, wicked little girl, but forgive me for the sake of Jesus Christ?*

*Mr. Bell.* Dear child ! That is exactly what I wished you to

say. That is praying *in the name of Christ*. When you feel that you are sinful, then you feel that you need an intercessor. When you believe that Christ is your intercessor, then you pray to God to hear you for Christ's sake. When you ask any thing, for Christ's sake, then you ask in the name of Christ. And when you ask in the name of Christ, you will be heard.

*Jane.* How do we know that we shall have what we ask in the name of Christ?

*Mr. Bell.* Hear what the Lord Jesus Christ says to us. *Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name,*

*that will I do.* We should be afraid to send our prayers up to God's holy place if Jesus Christ had not died for us. But he has shed his blood, and now we may be bold enough to go to the Lord and pray him to hear us. God will hear us for the sake of Christ's precious blood. The Scripture says, *We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.*—Heb. x. 19.

*Jane.* Must I always think, when I am praying, about the Lord Jesus?

*Mr. Bell.* Yes, you ought never to forget that your prayers are not worth any thing, until they



are offered up by Christ. Now we have talked enough for this time. I will teach you a little form of prayer, which is published by the American Sunday-school Union. You must always be in earnest and think about what you are saying, or the Lord will be displeased. Every day, go into some quiet place, where no one can see you, and kneel down, and pray to God. And now may the blessing of God rest upon you. Farewell.

## A PRAYER

*For a Young Person who earnestly desires  
to love God.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thou art my great Creator, and I should fear Thee, and obey Thy commandments. Thou art my heavenly Father, who givest to me all my daily blessings, and I am sure I ought to love Thee. Thou hast shown thy kindness to me, not only in creating me, and giving me health, and food, and clothes, and friends, but, O, what lovingkindness Thou hast shown in giving Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son, to die for me, and save me from everlasting misery, if I will believe in him and love him. And Jesus also "hath loved us, and given himself for us." O, I should love my Creator, and blessed Saviour with all my heart; but it is so hard, so stubborn, it seems determined not to do so. Now, while I am speaking, I feel as if I hate sin, that keeps me from loving my God; but, O, I am afraid that

when I rise from my knees, I shall feel that I love sin still, and shall have my mind full of vain thoughts, and soon forget that I had even a wish to be free from sin. O, pity me! pity me, heavenly Father! it is a dreadful thing to have such a stubborn heart as mine is. Thou hast said in the Bible to every young person, "Give me thy heart." Heavenly Father, mine is not fit to give to Thee, for it does not love Thee as it should love Thee. But, O, if I wait until it is good enough to give to Thee, I never can do it. Take it! O take it just as it is, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Saviour, who was perfect in goodness. Take my heart, merciful Father, sinful as it is. O, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make it clean. Let thy Holy Spirit make me hate sin, and love Thee; drive from me all wicked thoughts, and wishes, keep down my pride, prevent my passions from breaking out into evil words, and rash actions. I cannot tell how much I want Thy Holy Spirit to do for me, for

every day there seems to be some new fault in me ; some evil way in my actions that I had not before. O, how wicked I must be in thy sight, Lord, for thou art altogether holy ! I do desire, I do pray, to have my heart changed by thy Holy Spirit. The blessed Saviour of sinners has promised that Thou wilt give it to them that ask it ; merciful Father, for his sake give it to me ! O, teach me how to pray for it, so as to be sure of having it, that I may love Thee ; love my Bible, in which I can learn about Thee ; love Jesus, who died for me, that I might be made fit to go to heaven, and live there for ever in happiness. O, for this dear Saviour's sake, merciful Father, hear my prayer ; and I will bless and praise Thee while I live, and bless and praise Thee better when I die, and am in heaven with Jesus, where there is no sin. *Amen.*

# FATHER'S STORIES.

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THE LOST MOTHER,  
THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY,  
THE BABY IN THE RIVER.

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WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION  
AND REVISED BY COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

James Waddell Alexander

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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION:  
1122 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



# FATHER'S STORIES.

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## THE LOST MOTHER.



*Arthur, (turning over the leaves of a picture-book.)* Father, this picture makes me sorry.

*Mr. Herbert.* Why so, Arthur?

*Arthur.* Because the poor woman seems to be distressed.

*Mr. H.* Yes, she does. She is alone in the fields. The night is coming on. The sky grows black. It is about to be stormy. And her dress is not fit for a stormy night.

*Arthur.* Why is she out so late, without a hat or a cloak?

*Mr. H.* Poor woman! She has lost her way. She left her house about noon, to go over the great meadows to her father's house. Two of her dear little children were sick, and there was no house within three miles



She thought she would leave them for a little while, and go to her father's, and get some medicine, and some one to help her. But she has lost her way.

*Arthur.* What makes her fold her arms and look up to the sky?

*Mr. H.* She is in distress; she is praying to God to help her. She is afraid her dear children will suffer while she is gone. Her heart is full of grief. She thinks no one can help her but God.

*Arthur* That is right; is it not, father? O, I am sure the Lord will hear her.

*Mr. H.* Yes, my son, God Almighty can hear us always, and he helps those who have no other helper. You know there are many beautiful stories in the Bible, of God's helping people when they were in distress. When poor Jacob was travelling by himself, far from home, in a strange country, God took care of him. He had to go away because he was afraid his wicked brother Esau would kill him. When he left home, his father said to him, *God Almighty bless thee!* And God did bless him. One night he slept on the bare ground, with

a stone for his pillow. But he had a lovely dream, which God sent to comfort him. The Lord appeared to him in the dream and said, "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." And so God did keep him.

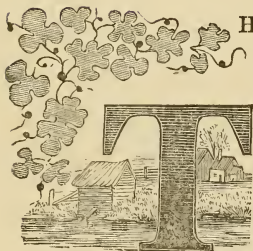
*Arthur.* O, I hope this poor woman will find her way home!

*Mr. H.* Yes, my boy, she did so. After she had been praying, she heard the sound of a horse's feet, and presently she began to see a man riding towards her. It was one of her father's servants. He put her on the horse,

and led her back to her house. Then he rode to her father's, and got her mother and aunt to come over and help her.

*Arthur.* But the children, were they alive?

*Mr. H.* O yes, they were both in a sweet sleep, and they soon got well.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTER-  
FLY.

HIS is a very different picture, said Arthur to his father in their next conversation.

*Mr. Herbert.* Yes; how differently this mother looks! Here her children are well. Little Emma is in her lap. Little Lucy

is at her feet. This is what makes a mother happy. She loves to have her daughters by her. No matter how much trouble they give her, she is never tired of them. There is no love on earth like a mother's love. O my son, remember how much your dear mother has done for you when you were a baby. Honour and love her. Never grieve her tender heart. Do all you can for her. This is well-pleasing to God.

*Arthur.* If that little Emma had died, how sorry her mother would have been!

*Mr H.* Yes, indeed. Not long ago, I saw a dear little child die in his mother's arms. A few hours before he was playing about sweetly. But death came, and took him away, without his being sick a whole day. I felt his sweet hands; they were like snow. I kissed his cheek; it was very, very cold. His mother's heart was almost broken. But I will tell you what would have distressed his mother more than his death.

*Arthur.* O father, what is that? What *could* distress his mother more?

*Mr. H.* It would have distressed his mother more, if he had grown up to be a man, and had become a profane, wicked wretch. There are many such sons. Many aged mothers are almost killed with grief to see their sons become drunkards, thieves, and murderers. Solomon says, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

*Arthur.* I hope I shall not be the heaviness of my dear mother. I think I can never do any thing to displease her.

*Mr H* Ah, my son! You



think so now, but unless the grace of God change your heart, you will be very different from what you think. Take the Lord Jesus Christ for your example, and you will go aright. Pray that God would send his Holy Spirit to teach you and to make you holy.

*Arthur.* Father, tell me more about Emma and Lucy.

*Mr. H.* I perceive that you like the story better than the advice I give you. Take notice, Arthur, the reason why I tell you the stories is to make you learn something good. I wish you to think of God your Creator, your

Preserver, and your Saviour  
When you were a very little  
child, not so large as Lucy, you  
used to listen to what I told you  
about Christ, and used to say  
that you would be a good boy  
and serve God all your life. And  
once when you were very ill, and  
we thought you would die, you  
said you hoped you would go and  
be with Christ in heaven.

*Arthur* Was I ever so very  
ill ?

*Mr. H.* Yes, my son ; I will  
tell you about it, for you seem  
not to remember. When you  
were about six years old, you

used to run about the meadow before our door, and try to catch the butterflies. Your sister Jane saw you doing this, and in order to amuse you, she made you a little net of thread: it was a sort of bag, and was fastened on the end of a slender stick. With this you used to catch the moths and butterflies. One afternoon a large spotted butterfly came into the green meadow, and flew about the flags and lilies near the spring. You know there is a high bank over the spring. Look out of the window; there

you see the bank; there is an old tree growing on it.

*Arthur.* Yes, sir, I know the place very well.

*Mr. H.* Just there you caught the butterfly. But as you stooped down to strike it with your net, you slipped, and fell down several feet over the edge of the spring. When you were brought into the house, we thought you were dead. But you opened your eyes, in a little while, and began to cry. You were sick in bed for more than a month. Your mother and I thought our little Arthur would

never get well, and our hearts were very much distressed. But we tried to give you up to the Lord; and we prayed to him to heal you, and promised that we would endeavour to teach you to love and serve him.

## THE BOY IN THE RIVER.

*Arthur.* THE first story you told me this morning was about Emma and Lucy. Father, please to tell me more about them.

*Mr. Herbert.* Mr. Dearly had three children,—James, Lucy, and Emma. He lived in the state of Illinois, where there are great plains and meadows, larger than any you ever saw in your life. His house was on the edge of one of these plains, near a wide river. But he spent very little time 'at home, for he had to travel

a great way off to the lead mines So that Mrs. Dearly was left with her children. But her father lived a few miles from her, over the wide plain I spoke of; and the river ran between the two farms.

One day Lucy took little Emma out into the fields to play. She had a little woollen rug with her, which had been spread before the hearth. Lucy put Emma on this, and dragged it about, as if it had been a wagon. This sport pleased the little creatures very much.

It is always pleasant to see children (especially brothers and

sisters) doing all they can to make each other happy; and no one knows till he has tried it how much of the enjoyment falls to him who does the kind act.

But Lucy forgot that she was very near the river, and went on dragging the rug up to the very edge. And then, as she was lifting up one end of it, poor little Emma rolled off,—quite into the river.

*Arthur.* Was she drowned?

*Mr. H.* Emma screamed as she touched the water; Lucy screamed louder still. Though they were much alarmed, yet the



danger was not great. The water was shallow, and full of flags at that place ; and Lucy soon found that she could crawl in, and pull out the little girl from among the flags. But the wetting made them both sick, and it was a long time before they were able to go out again and play. Mrs. Dearly was thankful that her child was not drowned. While Lucy sat by the fire, with a sore throat, her mother read to her about the child who was named from his being drawn out of the water.

*Arthur.* Oh, I know who that was ! It was *Moses*.

*Mr. H.* Who drew Moses out of the water ?

*Arthur.* An Egyptian maid.

*Mr. H.* Whose maid was this ?

*Arthur.* Pharaoh's daughter's maid.

*Mr. H.* What was the king's daughter doing at the river ?

*Arthur.* She came there to wash herself, and her maids walked along by the river side.

*Mr. H.* What river was it ?

*Arthur.* The river *Nile*, which runs into the Mediterranean sea. It is the only river in Egypt.

*Mr. H.* How long ago did this happen ?

*Arthur.* I do not know ; pray tell me.

*Mr. H.* About thirty-five hundred years ago. But where did you learn this, Arthur ?

*Arthur.* I read it in the second chapter of Exodus, and my Sunday-school teacher explained it to me.

*Mr. H.* Well, now we have talked enough for once : you may go out and saw wood to strengthen your little arms.















